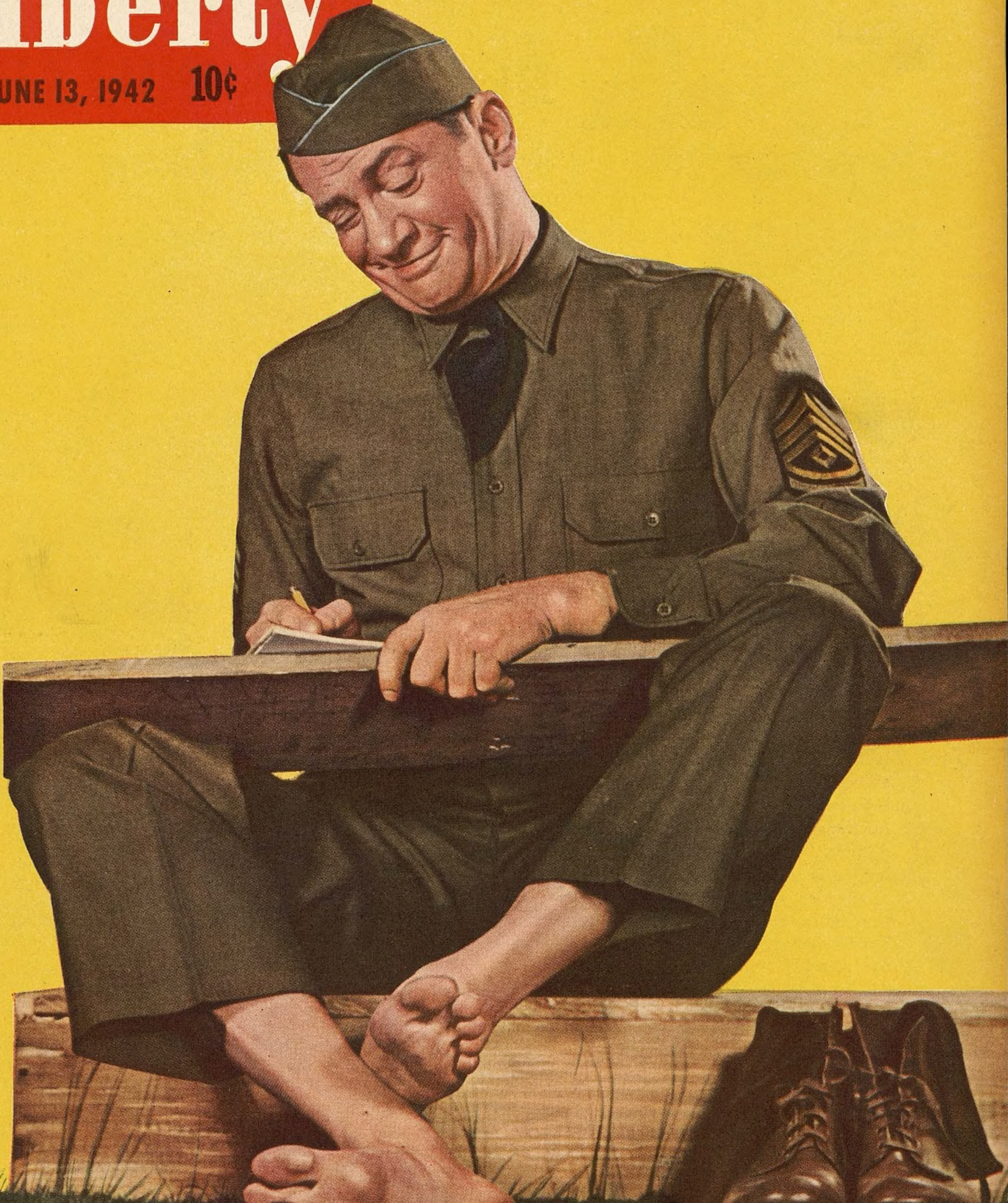
★ Liberty

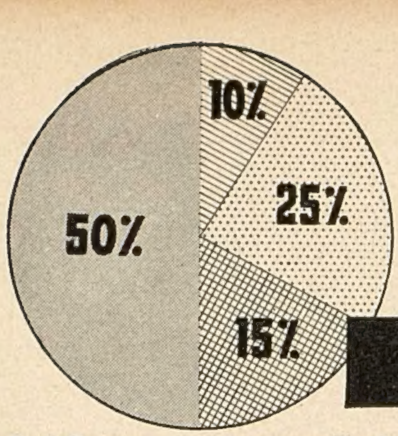
JUNE 13, 1942 10¢



MOSCOW WAR DIARY

Two-part condensation of a best-seller

Startling eyewitness account of the Russians' death struggle with the Nazis



Red Cross accounts are audited by the War Department

How your RED CROSS DOLLARS *are working*

It is not as easy to budget as your Community Chest, Church or Country Club but, broadly, this is how your war fund is being spent.*

One Half for the Armed Forces. Our Army and Navy—the men who must do the fighting.

With them wherever they go. Right now, in approximately 1000 camps, posts and stations. In this country, in Hawaii, the Philippines, the Canal Zone, Puerto Rico, Trinidad, Newfoundland, Iceland, Alaska, Ireland and Australia—(where next?)

Buildings, equipment, trained personnel to provide a "heart" for a tough and hard-boiled fighting force. To give understanding help in every personal or family problem, to bring relief from burdensome worries, to keep the morale that wins all wars.

And for the wounded and sick, a service that brings courage and cheer to hospital wards. Operation of recreation buildings for convalescents. Care that brings them back to usefulness. Blood for transfusions from the growing army of blood donors. "Gray Ladies" who understand the human needs.

Selection, organizing and training of all of those who volunteer for Red Cross service at the front. Enrollment of 50,000 nurses as a reserve supply for Army and Navy hospitals as the need increases.

Ten Percent Going for Civilian Emergencies

As they came, we've met them, out of your dollars even before they were given. In Honolulu, in the Philippines, along the water fronts when blasted ships came limping into port. Only a little to what we may expect, but the millions that have already gone to meet these urgent needs did their job well.

One Quarter for Preparedness. Your Red Cross will be ready to do its part, if plans and organization and civilian training and stockpiles are the measure of our preparedness.

Even the millions that are invested in this may not be enough, another year of war will bring new needs.

But for months ahead your War Fund has made sure that if and when and wherever the enemy strikes, we will be ready, with man power and woman power, with food, and shelter and transportation, with organization and with trained skill.

Volunteer services? Yes, largely. But your dollars are behind that volunteer to guarantee effectiveness.

• • •

Is twenty-five cents out of each dollar too much—to be prepared?

Balance for Chapter Use

You and your neighbors who are the army of the Red Cross. Some twenty-eight million of you adults and juniors banded together in every community, ready for any call for money or for service. Doing your bit out of your busy lives. Keeping your sector of the war ready for anything. Making the Red Cross a factor in community service. You are the foundation of it all and the link that workers at the front must have with the folks at home. You are the producers from whose work-rooms flow the tons of material, bandages, clothing and supplies.

You use that fifteen cents out of each dollar that you give and spend it for the needs that you know best about.

Norman H. Davis

Chairman, American Red Cross

**No specific percentage is shown for the expenses of the executive and financial offices. Income from endowment and invested funds is sufficient for this purpose.*

This page contributed to the American Red Cross by the publishers.

He looks beyond the Skyline, His Eyes see Far Horizons!

Don't you share his Dreams, His hopes and plans for the Future?

We see him a Man, Strong and Reliant and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to his lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

YOUR small dreamer of today may be tomorrow's man of destiny. His hopes may grow to mould the shape of things that are to come.

Isn't this a thought to warm a parent's heart? Doesn't it make you grateful to the teachers of America who help to shape your child's character—who send him forth into the future with high purpose . . . and *smiling!*

Yes, *smiling!* For even his smile has the best of care. Today, in classrooms* all over the land, youngsters such as this are being taught a lesson many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender...often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist.* He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!

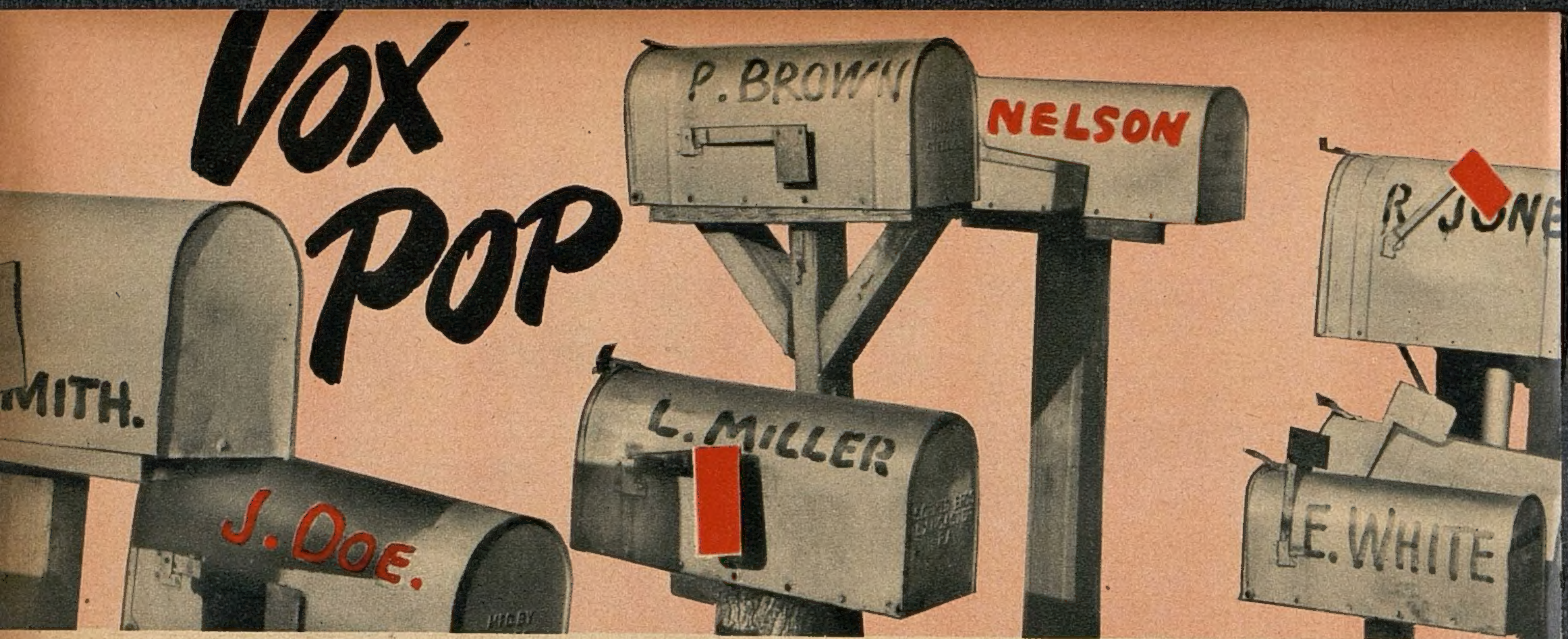
IPANA
TOOTH
PASTE

Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

**In 1941 at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.*

VOX POP



"Voice of the People"

ADVICE TO THE LONELY WOMEN

Dallas, Tex.—In Lonely Women (May 9 Liberty) Margaret Culkin Banning handles the subject well, but there's one great help she never mentioned. Work is help, but it's empty effort without remembering God as ever present to comfort and guide. Let's get busy in prayer for peace and protection for all.—*Mrs. J. O. Pullen.*

Hillside, Colo.—About America's newest problem, Lonely Women: just shoulder a hoe and join the harvest army. And I *ain't foolin'*.—*Ellen Van Leuven.*

Sandusky, Ohio—I read with disgust the article by Margaret Culkin Banning. I know that the greatest fear that tortures the average man in the armed forces is his wife's or sweetheart's ability to take it as he is doing and have no regrets when he comes home.

This article tells women they will look and feel queer if they go places they want to by themselves and advises them to strike up acquaintances or make pick-ups.—*A. W. Bowes Cox, U. S. C. G.*

Jersey City, N. J.—Having been a "lonely woman" for many years without having been conscious of loneliness, I am astonished that an author of so many stories, which I have always read with interest, should have such small knowledge of human nature.

There have been few times when I felt lonely to the degree of self-pity, for that is what it amounts to. On trains I have found myself with strangers, and have always been able to fall into conversation with them on impersonal subjects without being fearful that any advantage might be taken because of seeming "familiarity."

I have found that men are sometimes more shy than women and are glad to talk with us without thinking that we are trying to "pick them up."—*G. M. Clark.*

SAYS WE'VE GOT HORNETS IN OUR PACIFIC

Chicago, Ill.—Your story in May 2 Liberty, Defense Will Not Win the War, makes good reading and its author "has something" there in talking of an invasion through Italy—the Axis' weakest point; but his idea of forgetting the war in the Pacific for an all-out war against Hitler shows poor judgment. It's wise never to turn your back to a riled-up swarm of hornets unless you see your way clear to run faster and farther than they will chase you.—*Francis S. Drake.*

A LADY PRESCRIBES OUR SPRING TONIC FOR MORALE

San Francisco, Calif.—If Melvin R. Livengood (May 9 Vox Pop) is still looking for a kick in the morale, tell him there's a honey on page 32 of the May 9 issue.—*Mrs. W. H. W.*

That would be C. Lyn Fox's story, A Kiss from Miss Kawamura, and we're glad you agree with the editors about it, Mrs. W. Some folks don't want war in their fiction. Others do. When a story has the spirit this one has, we figure it's one for all hands.—Vox Pop Editor.

HISTORY GETS CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER

Houston, Tex.—The Commodore Knew His Japs, by Fillmore Hyde (April 25 Liberty), recalls this bit of irony: Mrs. Joseph Clark Grew, wife of the American Ambassador to Tokyo, interned behind the doors which her grand-uncle Matthew Calbraith Perry pried open to foreign trade with his famous black ships, as the Japs called the 1853 flotilla.

As one who spent thirteen years in Japan, what the tough commodore found as the characteristics of the Japs I endorse heartily.—*James R. Young.*

TWO SLANTS ON ONE EDITORIAL

Beverly Hills, Calif.—A copy of Liberty's May 9 editorial, Let's Face the Facts! should hang in every home, factory, railroad station, public building in our country. It is the strongest truth-stating article in proper condensed form I've ever read.—*H. A. Price.*

Dubuque, Ia.—Let's Face the Facts! is a lot of imagination. Where would Hitler get all the people to control the United States besides the whole continent of Europe?—*Francis Hayes.*

SLOGAN DEPARTMENT

Bellingham, Wash.—
NO QUISLINGS! NO QUIBBLING!
NO QUITTING!
—*C. S. Johnson.*

AN EDWARDS FAN WITH A GOOD MEMORY

St. Johnsville, N. Y.—Ralph Edwards, in They Take the Consequences! (May 2 Liberty) said: "No one yet has ever refused a consequence." But on one of his Truth or Consequences programs during the 1941 World Series he asked a loser who happened to be a Dodgers fan to make a speech against the Dodgers. The fan refused. I heard Mr. Edwards say he was the first loser who had ever refused to take a consequence!—*Rose Triumpho.*

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"Bet she married him for his Silvertowns!"

IT'S TRUE that people look at their tires in a new light today. A few months ago they were just tires. Today they're *treasures*—to you, and to your country.

If you are lucky enough to have Silvertowns, you have a right to be glad. But you have an obligation, too—to keep them rolling as long as possible.

When your tires are gone, you'll have to walk. That may not seem so bad, until you consider this: if more and more tires wear out and cannot be replaced, our whole war effort will be greatly handicapped.

If you are permitted to buy new tires for your car or truck, your obligation is *doubled*. For you can do much more than the average driver to conserve America's rubber.

And remember—this is no time to put up with inferior tires that waste rubber. If you can buy new tires for your truck or car, your best buy is Silvertowns.

All Silvertowns—including the famous Speedliner truck tire—are still made with Duramin. That's the B. F. Goodrich discovery that keeps rubber young and lively, makes tires wear longer.

And—if you can't buy tires? Then we'd like to have you keep Silvertowns in mind until you can. We can't tell, today, whether they'll be made of natural rubber or synthetic. We can't even guess *when* you can buy them. But we do promise this—there won't be a better tire on the road when that time comes!

TIRE INFORMATION HEADQUARTERS

The enemy smiles when you waste miles! And we've got a new booklet for you that tells how to avoid being a rubber-waster. Ask for "Will America Have to Jack Up Its 29,000,000 Automobiles?" See your B. F. Goodrich Dealer or Silvertown Store—or write direct to B. F. Goodrich, Dept. LY, Akron, Ohio.

Lots of new things for newlyweds . . . and everyone else!

IN ORDER to serve you better, many B. F. Goodrich dealers and Silvertown Stores are now displaying attractive new merchandise for home and auto. All types of sporting goods, bicycle and auto accessories, batteries, radios, garden tools, luggage and even kitchen equipment! All high in quality—all low in price. You can't find better bargains anywhere!

Goodrich
Silvertown

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST* IN RUBBER

**And first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber.*

IS THIS THE REUNION OF '37 ?
NO...OUR CLASS IS 33 TO 1
JACK, YOU'RE HORRID! THAT WAS MY BOY FRIEND, DIPPY DAVIS. YOU TURNED HIM OUT—NOW BRING HIM BACK!
OKAY, FRAN. BUT I WASN'T KIDDING. THE CLASS OF THIS REUNION IS "33 TO 1."
SLAM
JACK BRINGS HIM BACK
NOW JACK, PLEASE APOLOGIZE TO DIPPY AND EXPLAIN ABOUT "33 TO 1."
THAT'S EASY— IT'S THIS COOLING QUENCHER —33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER!
AH—NOW I GET IT—BLENDED "33 TO 1." THAT'S WHY IT'S IN A CLASS BY ITSELF FOR FLAVOR!
FLAVOR! EXTRA-DELICIOUS FLAVOR... BECAUSE PABST BLUE RIBBON, LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES, REACHES PERFECTION THROUGH BLENDING. IT'S SPECIALLY BLENDED, "33 TO 1."
I SEE YOU GOT YOUR MAN, FRAN. LOOKS LIKE HE'S ENJOYING HIS REUNION WITH GOOD OLD PABST BLUE RIBBON, TOO.
A TREAT LIKE THIS DESERVES A TOAST! HERE'S TO THE REFRESHING CLASS OF "33 TO 1."
Pabst Blue Ribbon
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

It's the class of any party—the beer with a flavor that can't be copied, because it's *specially* blended from 33 fine brews. That's why it's a universal favorite—and the leading beer in the homes of all America.

Copyright 1942, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

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JUNE 13, 1942

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COVER BY GRAY O'REILLY

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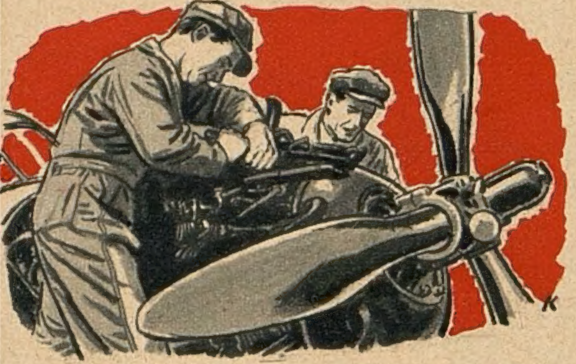
NEXT WEEK

JUNE 20, 1942

S JOHN CITIZEN N THE WAR?

Vhat are the facts about the temper of he average American man and woman? Are they doing their part? What do they hink of the war effort in Washington?



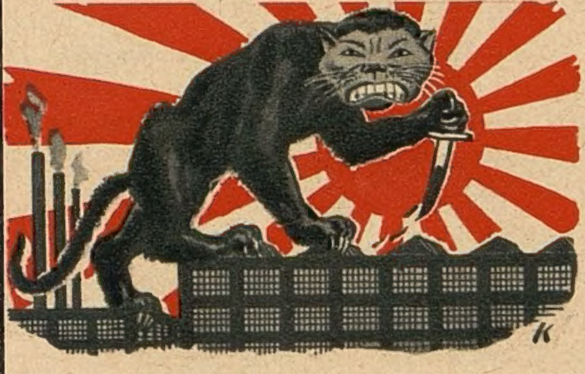
LOUIS BROMFIELD is famous as a novelist. Most folks don't know it, but he is also a Middle Western farmer. He is close to the people of the interior, supposed by some to be untouched by the war-awareness of the two coasts. In an outspoken article he gives you the truth about this next week. It will open your eyes.

CORN IN THE SCRIPT

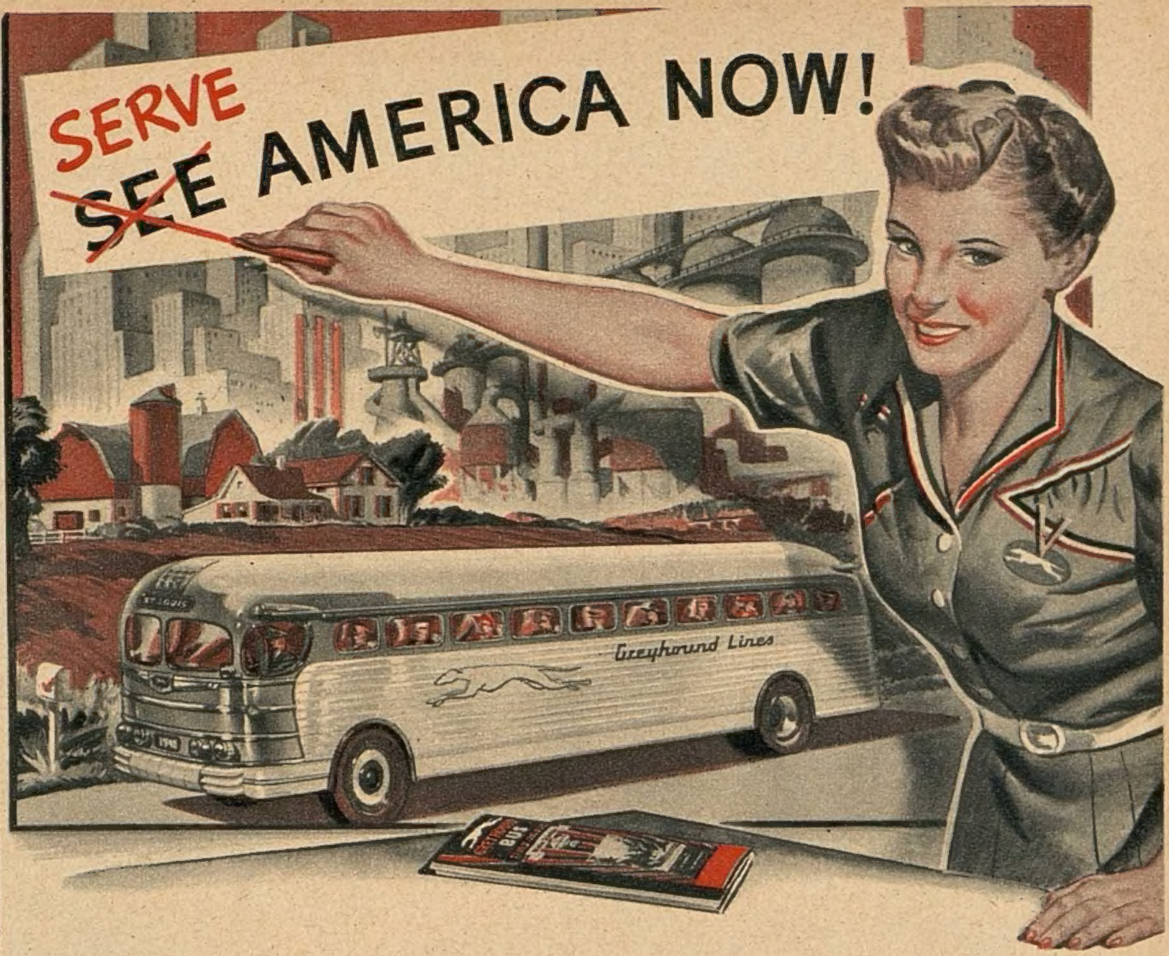
is gay—a sparkling story about some wacky writers of radio plays. Under the fun there's romance and a current of deep feeling. In some ways we think it the best story JOSEPHINE BENTHAM ever wrote.

THE COPYCAT HAD CLAWS

This title has grim meaning. It is WALTER KARIG's label for an article, straight from high military authorities, revealing things our forces have learned about how the Japanese fight. The "imitative" little Jap, it has transpired since Pearl Harbor, is no imitator at all. He has taught our leaders a lesson in lawless war, and our leaders admit it.



ALSO NEXT WEEK: EDDIE CANTOR contributes a joyous commentary (with bite in it, too) on some matters of the moment. . . . AL WESSON tells of America's new "fastest human"—a boy who may step into speed-king Charlie Paddock's racing shoes. . . . Liberty's condensation of Moscow War Diary concludes. . . . Fiction, features, a fine miscellany of entertainment complete the bill of fare.



—so you can see America later

Change just one word—and you have a challenging, fighting phrase for all Americans who travel in these critical times . . . "*SERVE* America Now—So You Can SEE America Later!"

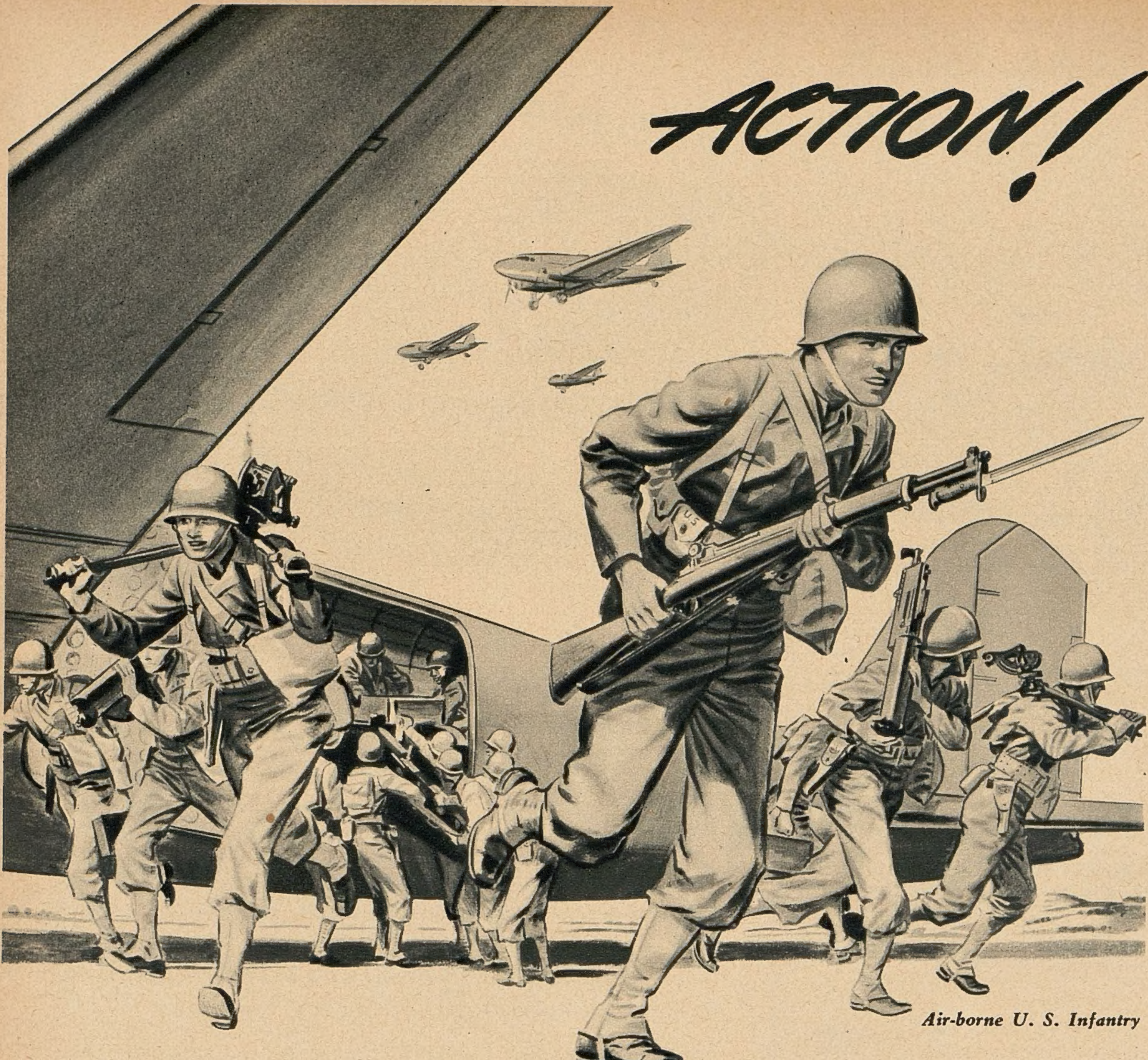
That means: Think twice before you do any unnecessary traveling. Take trips *before* or *after* the mid-summer rush period if possible . . . travel on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday, leaving the week-end for war workers and men in uniform . . . get full trip information and tickets in advance to avoid delay.

The one big job for transportation, at this moment, is to keep America's *vital war-time traffic on the move.* The people Greyhound is carrying and *intends to carry efficiently* are selectees, fighting men, war workers, essential business travelers—all those who must keep rolling *to keep America rolling!* It's these people who now form the big majority of Greyhound passengers, along 60,000 miles of American highways.

If your next trip isn't for war-connected work, or for some important personal reason, why not postpone it? Then invest the money you save in U. S. War Bonds or Stamps. *You can help Greyhound do a job for America-at-War!*

The War Effort Comes First with Greyhound

GREYHOUND



Air-borne U. S. Infantry

There's plenty of action for young men of 18 and 19 in the Army — and you can choose your own branch of service!

For every red-blooded young American who wants to serve his country, this latest announcement by the Army is good news. If you are 18 and not yet 20 years old, and otherwise qualified, you can now enlist for active duty *in any one of the eight combat branches you select.* The opportunity to choose ends when you pass 20.

Perhaps you have been wishing you could get into one special branch of service where you can do the things you like best. In the Infantry, for example, there's a chance to be a ski trooper, a parachute trooper, a machine-gunner, or a specialist in one of many other fields.

If you have a talent for radio communication, you'll find interesting opportunities in the Signal Corps. And if you're mechanically inclined, the Air Force or the Armored Force will give you just the experience you're looking for.

Other branches which you can join are the Cavalry, the Engineer Corps, the Field Artillery and the Coast Artillery — each a splendid training for your future.

You'll be given every opportunity to learn and to advance. Men under 21 can now win Army commissions, and if you show qualities of leadership you will have your chance to attend an Officers' Candidate School.

You'll like the splendid new equipment — cars, trucks, tanks, planes, guns — that you'll be using. And you'll enjoy the sound physical condition, the friendships and the thrills of Army life.

Without obligating yourself in any way, you can get full information and literature at the nearest Army Recruiting and Induction Station. Discuss the idea with your parents and tell your friends about it. America needs young men like you, and needs them *now.* Let's go!

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING AND INDUCTION SERVICE

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

• *Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting and Induction Station or write to: "The Commanding General," of the Corps Area nearest you:*

First Corps Area	Boston, Mass.
Second Corps Area	Governors Island, N. Y.
Third Corps Area	Baltimore, Md.
Fourth Corps Area	Atlanta, Ga.
Fifth Corps Area	Fort Hayes, Columbus, O.
Sixth Corps Area	Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area	Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area	Fort Sam Houston, Tex.
Ninth Corps Area	Fort Douglas, Utah

Or write to:
Enlisted Division, B-6, A.G.O., Washington, D.C.

Liberty
JUNE 13, 1942

CHALLENGE TO HONOR

EVERY human being in this country is faced now with the greatest challenge of them all: the challenge to honor.

For, as we have moved to the stern business of making war upon our enemies, new rules for living have been written. Those rules will not be enforced by hordes of policemen, nor by some version of the Gestapo. They will be enforced by public opinion, and by that most powerful of all forces: human conscience.

We have rationing. There are not enough of many sorts of things to allow each person to have as much as he wants, or thinks he needs, or is able to pay for. When a lifeboat is adrift upon the sea, and there is only a single keg of water, that water is rationed out. It is part of the nobility of man that the strongest male in the boat does not seize more than his just share merely because he is able to grab it, nor the most persuasive woman merely because she puts in the most pitiful plea. When men get down to bedrock, when it is plain that survival of the community hangs in the balance, then flowers the essence of democracy—one for all and all for one.

We are *not* down to brass tacks on such simple necessities as water and nourishing food. But we have been forced to the rationing of many things, and we have got to share, we civilians, the supplies that are left after the Army and Navy get what they must have to fight our battles.

It is our instinct to go about this sharing with a good will and a conscientious sense of honesty. But something happened a decade or so ago which had a profound effect upon that instinct. That was the half-forgotten experiment called Prohibition.

Prohibition produced bootlegging. Bootlegging was not, to most of us, a very sinful business. Many of us patronized bootleggers now and again. We called them by their first names. We were grieved if, by some ill chance, they were sent off to jail.

The thirteen years of Prohibition are now regarded as an amiable sort of mistake, rectified in due time. But it is the sad truth that those years did something to our moral sense. They created a state of mind, enduring into our present day, which might make it seem, somehow, not so very terrible if Mike, down at the garage, whispered that he could produce a set of brand-new tires or a tankful of forbidden gasoline—at the right price.

There is the challenge to honor.

The bootleggers have already smelled new dollars for themselves, and they are digging in. America has only its honor, its decency and integrity as a nation of people, to make it clear that our conscience was not permanently scarred by the era which made bootlegging seem all right.

The man who buys a bootleg tire, in these days, is not merely flouting an unpopular law. He is working might and main for Hitler and Yamamoto.

If the conscience of Americans in this crisis permits them to move slyly around the rationing laws, to buy bootleg tires or gasoline or sugar, to make false statements in their applications for rationing cards, and to feel no sense of shame in the doing of it, then, alas, American democracy is not worth fighting for. It is not worth the sacrifice of those lads who lie in shallow graves on Bataan or sleep in the depths of the Pacific.

Every American should have a solemn session with himself and get the state of his own conscience cleared up. And he should make for himself at least two rules:

1. On *any* sort of rationing application, I will be a fair and just and honest man, not because of fear that the police will get me, but because I want to look squarely into my own eyes when I shave tomorrow morning.
2. If any man offers me a rationed war commodity at a bootlegger's bargain, that man will be reported to the authorities as soon as I can get to a telephone.

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PIERRE LAVAL.

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PIERRE LAVAL is Hitler's man of destiny. Such is the German Führer's unshakable conviction. When I make this statement I am not indulging in speculation or trying to improvise a deduction to fit the news of the day. I know from personal knowledge that M. Laval's record was marked with a star in the Nazi Party's archives as far back as 1932. I know that Hitler and the men around him always remembered that Laval was one of the few French deputies who voted against the ratification of the Versailles Treaty in 1919. I also know that Hitler has never forgotten the service Laval rendered the Nazi movement ten years ago.

That service, I feel certain, is inscribed in flaming letters in the German dictator's memory. For it was Pierre Laval, then Prime Minister of France, who administered the deathblow to the German Republic. If Laval had willed it so, the Nazis would never have come to power.

It was on a sunny day that Chancellor Bruening, representing the German democracy, arrived at Paris. Confronted with the imminence of a general catastrophe in the Reich, a financial and economic disaster of the first magnitude, the Chancellor had come as a humble suppliant to plead the cause of Germany before M. Laval. It was an act of desperation—foolish, perhaps, and totally unexpected, but none the less courageous.

The scene at the Gare du Nord still stands out vividly in my mind. For the first time since the humiliation of Versailles a German statesman was back in the French capital. The station was black with people, all eager to catch a glimpse of the German delegation. As Herr Bruening and his colleagues made their way from the platform to the waiting room, they passed a group of railway employees.

Look at him. "He rarely smiles, perhaps because his teeth recall fangs."

aval with Mussolini in 1935 at the Stresa conference, which ended in a ree-Power avowal of a policy for "collective maintenance of peace."

Laval exchanging cordial greetings with Hitler's Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop in France in 1940. Laval was then Vice-Premier of France.

HITLER'S DOVE OF PEACE

BY PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

Author of That Day Alone, Days of Our Years, etc.

Suddenly there was a cry: *"Vive l'Allemagne!"* and again: *"Vive la paix! Vive la fraternité humaine!"* The shout was taken up by thousands and thousands, until the immense vault of the railway station reverberated with the roar. That absolutely spontaneous demonstration by the common people of Paris augured well for the success of the German Chancellor's visit.

At seven the next morning—it was a Sunday—Bruening, a devout Catholic, went to the Church of Notre Dame de la Victoire. He prayed for an hour and heard Mass. At ten he was received by M. Laval. The head of the German government expressed his views, submitted irrefutable evidence in figures and facts that Germany was on the verge of the abyss. For two hours he pleaded with the French Prime Minister. He spoke of the misery in his country, the sense of frustration rampant among Germany's youth, the dull hopelessness of the situation if France would not lift some of the burdens imposed at Versailles.

When he saw that he could not soften Laval's heart, he warned of an economic debacle which might drag other countries, including France, into a chaotic whirlpool. He named the sinister forces, the Nazis, who were waiting to take over the reins if he should fail in his mission.

Laval shook his head. He would not even place Bruening's request for a loan or moratorium before his colleagues in the Cabinet. He refused to hold out the slightest hope. With a polite adieu he led the German Chancellor to the door—thus opening the gate for Hitler's ascension to power in a Germany now given over to utter despair. In this decisive hour Laval gave the disintegrating Nazi Party a new lease on life. At that moment he could, singlehanded, have saved what remained of democracy and republicanism in the Weimar Republic. And the people of France would have backed him up. But this man, who had voted against the Versailles Treaty, decided otherwise. Laval did not want a strong, democratic Germany as a neighbor.

When Bruening returned to Berlin, a beaten man, Hitler knew that his turn had come and that Laval was the one man in France, Europe's strongest military power, with whom he could do business. A year later Hitler came to power, and Bruening's tragic visit to Paris became a forgotten incident.

Yes, long before the German-French armistice was signed in the Forest of Compiègne in the summer of 1940, M. Pierre Laval was slated for high honors by the Führer, as the most "reliable" Quisling of Europe.

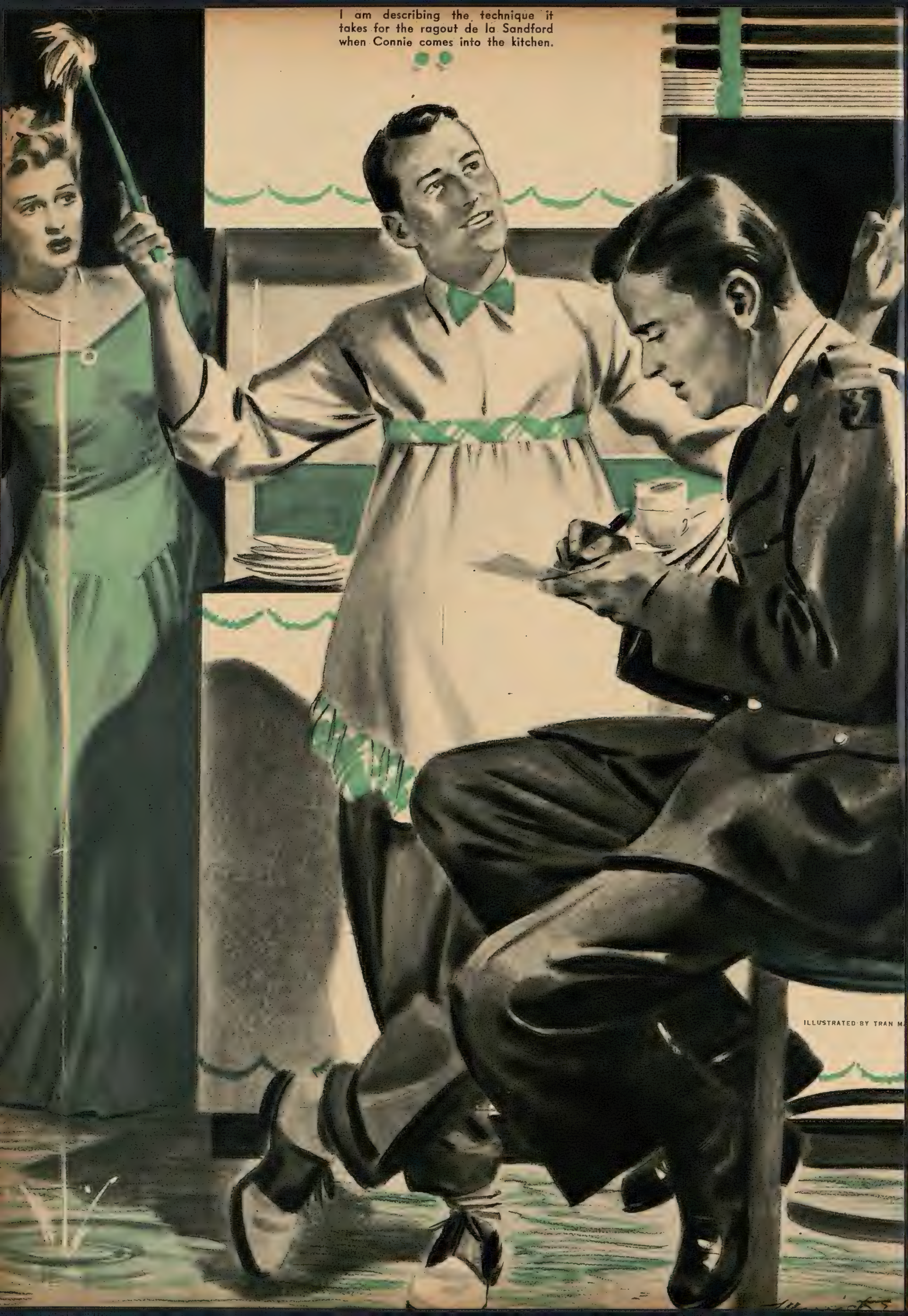
Hitler had read Laval's character much more accurately than those who had been close to the sly, secretive French politician for many years. Most of us foreign correspondents have, ever since Laval emerged in public affairs, put him down as an adventurer without a definite political orientation. Because Laval, the butcher's son, rose from sawdust sprinkler in his father's shop to Prime Minister of France, he has been called an ambitious careerist whose only aim was personal power.

As Laval and his daughter left New York in 1931, they bade Mayor Jimmy Walker adieu.

It was an open secret in all the chancelleries of Europe that Laval, three times Prime Minister, had speculated at the expense of the government in English pounds, coal, and mineral water. Because he was obviously money-mad and ever ready to use his public office for personal, private gain, political observers classified him as merely a racketeer de luxe whose only objective—which, incidentally, he attained—was to become a multimillionaire. When, between tenures of office, he bought up newspapers and radio stations and so multiplied his fortune, few suspected him of accumulating power for a definite political purpose. Because he entered political life as a champion of the laboring classes and finally became a slave driver of his own people in the service of Adolf Hitler, he is still being described as a reckless opportunist with no specific political goal.

Actually—and Hitler knew it all the while—Pierre Laval has been a most consistent schemer who never lost sight of his final aim: the establishing of a Fascist state in France. It is true that he has opportunistically changed his party affiliations as dexterously as Hitler himself has broken political pledges. But through all these changes Laval has been as faithful to the Fascist ideology as to the white tie he has worn ever since his entry into politics (he has never changed it for

(*Continued on page 43*)



I am describing the technique it takes for the ragout de la Sandford when Connie comes into the kitchen.

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NO FELLA SHOULD

When your girl asks you to help her land another guy, you can use a little luck

BY EDWIN RUTT

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE things I do for this girl, Connie Parker, no fella should. You would think a man aged nineteen would have what it takes to stand up and refuse to be made a goat out of. But no! Connie Parker has but to look at me with those midnight-blue eyes, make some outlandish request, and Frederick starts pitching her way. Like the time a few weeks back when she contracts heroitis.

I suppose it's the war and stuff. And having so many heroes, like General MacArthur, around. That kind of thing turns a girl's head. And, at the time, I am not waving in the ranks of the heroes.

You see, long before Peck Enderby gets into the picture, I have gone downtown and tried to enlist. But old Doc Risdon, who is one of the examiners, has a hearty laugh in his beard about what he calls the state of my molars.

"You think you could get into the army, Freddy," says the doc, "with teeth like that?"

"Sure," I says. "I got a cavity or two or three, so what? I'm not aiming to bite Japs to death. What do they want in this army, wolves only?"

"Rejected," the doc says, and waves me one side.

Which means that I have little or no defense against a guy like Peck Enderby.

I first find out about Enderby when I park the jaloppy in front of Connie's house one night and honk the horn in the usual manner. Connie appears, wearing ivory moiré and a grand manner.

"Must you create all this disturbance, Freddy?" she says haughtily.

"Forget it," I says. "How's for coasting down to Al's and punching a couple of king-size special banana splits around?"

"Not tonight," says Connie. And she seems ill at ease. She keeps glancing up and down the street.

"Here," I says, "what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, Freddy," Connie says, "don't ask questions. Just run along, like a good boy."

Imagine this teacher-to-kindergarten tone to me, who used to swap teething rings with her!

"Listen," I says, starting out of the car. "There's something screwy going on. And I'm going to . . ."

She pushes me back in the jaloppy. "Please go," she says. "I've something very—er—important on."

Even I, who have never been confused for a genius, can see that she's got a heavy date. Else why the ivory moiré? And if any of the local yokels are cutting in on my preserves, I want to know about it.

"Who is it?" I says sternly.

"No one you know," says Connie. "Hurry, Freddy."

"Not a step," I says, "until I find out who this jerk is."

She laughs, a little shrilly. "Jerk? He's anything but. If you must be so darn inquisitive, he's Perry Enderby. From Camp Sager." Her voice drops and a rich mixture of awe and admiration comes into it. "He's a parachutist."

Just then the name conveys nothing to me. "He is, eh?" I says. "Well, bring him along. Maybe he'd like to parachute into one of Al's king-size specials."

Connie stamps with open-toed silver footwear. "Please go away, Freddy. I—I honestly don't want this terrible-looking car in front of the house when Perry comes."

Now that is more than flesh and blood can stand. Who insults my car insults me. I freeze her with a look.

"Oh, yeah?" I says in a dignified way. "It's a terrible car when you've got a date with a droopy parachutist. But many's the time you've been glad to mooch a ride in it, my girl."

"Don't you talk that way to me, Freddy Sandford," says Connie. "I never mooched anything in my life."

"That depends on what you mean by mooch," I says darkly. And I drive off in dudgeon.

WELL, I proceed to Al's, which is a soda fountain with a drugstore as a side line. I order two banana splits, one for Connie by proxy. The double bill occasions no surprise to the canaille present, since the Sandford stomach is the pride of Shadow Orchard. But I am just taking a few practice shots with my spoon when suddenly I drop the spoon. I have remembered where I have come across that name—Perry Enderby—before.

It all comes back to me then. I recall vividly some sports writer's column about the Yale-Harvard game last fall. It begins something like this: "Sweeping the ends, crashing off tackle, whirling like a crimson pinwheel through a broken field, Perry (Peck) Enderby, ace of the Harvard backfield, personally took the measure of Yale in a grueling battle before 65,000 hoarse and hysterical fans yesterday afternoon," etc. I recall, too, that the column touts Enderby for All-America. And I recall that he made it.

That alone is sufficient to sink me like the Haruna. But it is not all. Because, in addition to being a football hero, this Peck Enderby is of the Newport-New York-Palm Beach Enderbys and he has been born with a gold spoon and a couple of copper mines in his mouth. Tack onto that the fact that he is now a hero in the Parachute Corps and you get a rough idea of what I am up against. I mean, my competition has suddenly got keen. But keen.

Freddy, I says to myself, what can you do about it—you who are horse de combat with a set of moth-eaten molars?

I do not have the answer just then and I sit pondering so long over the banana splits that Al notices.

"What's up, Freddy?" Al says. "Off your feed?"

"Al," I says, "have you ever been in love? I mean, really in love?"

He gives me a pitying look. "I got six children," he says. "Now do you know?"

Well, the scion of the Sandfords does little slumbering that night. And the morn brings no relief. I cannot dodge the fact that if this Peck Enderby is interested, I am in a fair way to lose my gal. And what man in his senses, I ask myself, coldly analytical, would not be interested in Connie Parker?

I SPEND some time that day thinking about certain fellas who fought their way out of jams with the weapons to hand—namely, Robert the Bruce, Horatius at the bridge, and David in the Bible. But I derive small comfort from their paltry achievements. It seems to me that they worked under comparatively favorable odds. Not one of them was up against a solid-gold All-America halfback who has turned parachutist.

However, bloody but unbowed is the way to describe Frederick. My back is to the wall, but I am still for making a fight of it. So when I run into Doc Risdon on my way downtown, I accost him.

"Listen, Doc," I says. "I read the other day about a Canadian soldier who has no teeth. But he can chew grizzly-bear steaks and digest 'em."

The doc laughs. "Why are you so anxious to get in the army, Freddy?"

"Family troubles," I says. "Besides, there's this guy Hirohito. I don't like his face."

"You just relax, Freddy," says the doc. "When Uncle Sam wants you, he'll get in touch with you."

A lot of help he was.

On Main Street who should I see coming out of Madame Loretta's Beauty Shoppe but Connie Parker! To my trained eye, it is evident that she has just got one of those high hair fixes the gals go in for.

"Now," I says, "that won't do. For parachute work you need a crew cut.

(*Continued on page 38*)

MOSCOW WAR DIARY

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York
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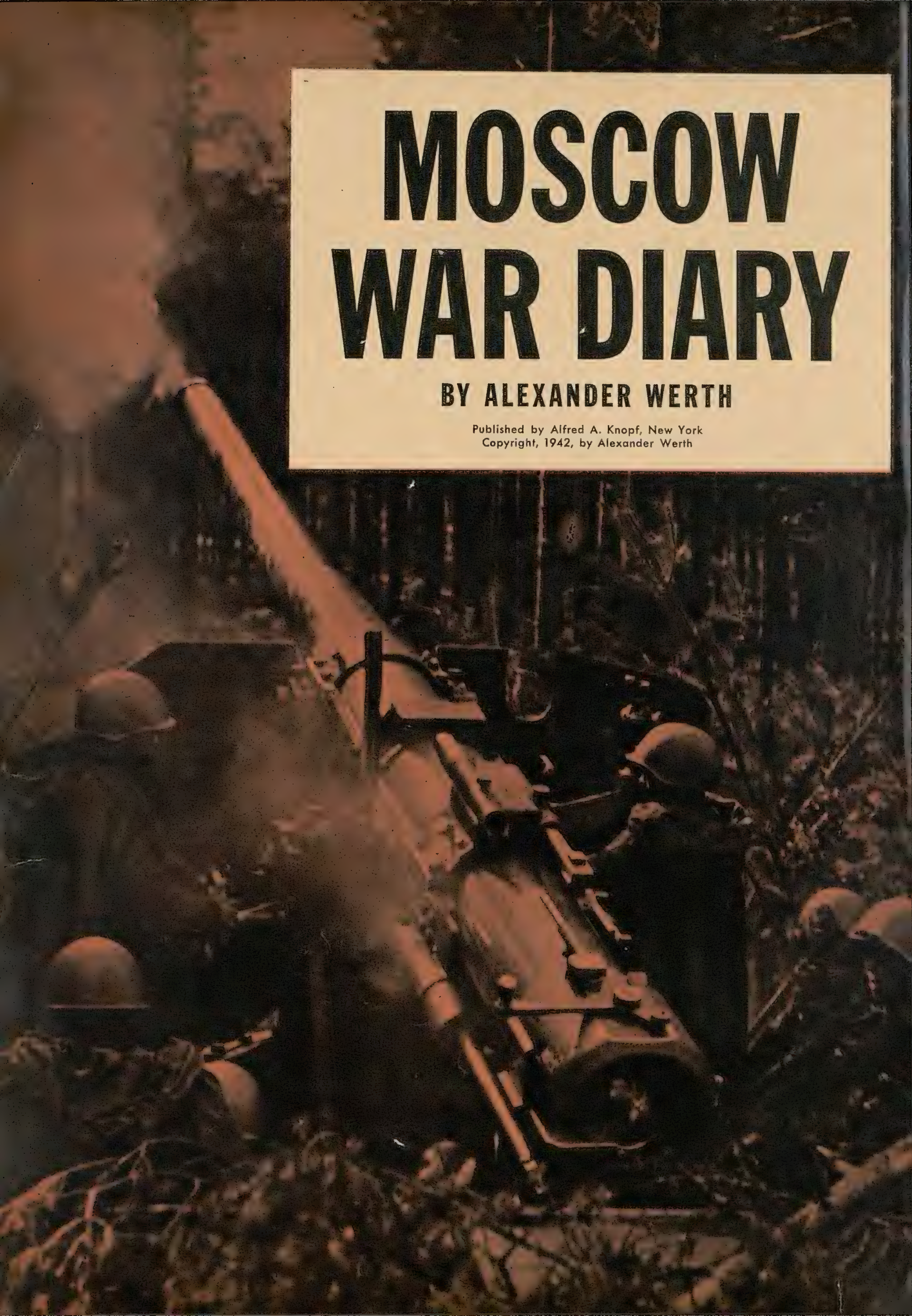

A Liberty condensation: Vivid eyewitness report of the Russians' death struggle with the Nazis

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Two weeks after the Germans began their onslaught upon Russia, Mr. Werth arrived in Moscow as correspondent of Reuter's and of the London Sunday Times.

His qualifications for such reporting must have been unique. He was born to a Russian father and a British mother, in 1901, in the Russian city that was then St. Petersburg, and was reared and schooled there until 1917, when the family removed to his other homeland, Britain. So he not only knows both languages by heart but really knows the minds and natures of representative Russians of all classes. As a correspondent, instead of having to rely on interpreters and translators, he could understand and could estimate—and estimate from a British standpoint—what he heard Russia's fighting men say at the front, and her civilians on the Moscow streets. Besides, he was familiar with the war's general undercurrents, having been a correspondent of British newspapers in France from 1929 until the fall of Paris in 1940.

He explains that, in clarifying his diary entries hastily jotted in Moscow, he has refrained from "the insertion of 'true prophecies' which weren't made at the time."

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

Moscow, Thursday, July 10, 1941

PEOPLE tell me that on June 22 many Russians believed that Great Britain had given leave to Germany to attack Russia. This was absurd, and could only have arisen from a complete ignorance of Churchill England. And yet—if they still distrust *some* of our people, one can hardly blame them.

I've had no particular reason until now to like Stalin; but he *does* represent the government, most of the people here regard him as a very great man, and the normality of life here in the last two years is put down to his credit. Clearly, he has been severely handicapped by the absence of effective propaganda on his behalf. Perhaps he did not bother how much the Trotskyites barked. Or else the subtle game he was playing just did not lend itself to propaganda—without giving too much away.

On vital issues he got things done, no matter how unpopular they might be. Probably he knew from the outset that his job was to prepare Russia for a German invasion. . . . The absence of a real fifth column in Russia has, so far, been very striking, and it is by preparing for this war and by putting it from the outset on a *national* basis that Stalin has achieved this result. If he had called upon the Russian people to "defend Marxism," the response might have been much less unanimous.

I am also pretty sure that Stalin's belief in an imminent war with Germany had a great deal to do with the purge in the Red Army. The Czechs told me long ago the extraordinary story of Tukhachevsky's visit to Prague, when toward the end of a banquet—he had got rather drunk—he blurted out that an agreement with Hitler was the only hope for both Czechoslovakia and Russia. What made it all very awkward for Stalin was, no doubt, that he could not give the deep reason for so many of the "liquidations." He could not very well say: "Tukhachevsky was going to sell out to Hitler." The purge weakened the army in a technical sense, and that made necessary a policy of appeasement toward Nazi Germany, to gain time for active military preparations. The progress made between 1938 and now seems to be enormous; if Hitler had waited another year, he wouldn't have a chance at all.

Friday, July 11

The big offensive against Moscow is awaited at any moment. The Germans are getting near Smolensk and seem to be pushing on to the Ukraine. It doesn't seem, though, that the Russian command has so far made any serious mistakes. The Russian air force is still a very big force, despite extravagant German claims. The Germans, too, have suffered great losses.

The Russians tend to underestimate the importance of our big blitzes on western Germany. It seems that for some days past they have been urging our people to invade France. They greatly resent any mention of a possible evacuation of Moscow. They are quite right to resent it. They are showing ever-increasing willingness to co-operate, and I have the impression that the British are anxious to maintain an eastern front at any price—short of landing troops in France!

Sunday, July 13

We got a call to hear Baggaley, the First Secretary of the British Embassy, announce the terms of the new Russo-British pact, signed yesterday at 5.15 in Molotov's office.

The Russians are increasingly amiable with us; it's a good omen. Cripps seems a lot happier, too. What astonished me this afternoon was the *surprise* the Russians were still showing at the signing of the agreement. Lozovsky (Soviet Foreign Office spokesman) said it was the biggest blow for Hitler, and smashed his plans for fighting east and west separately. Asked whether the U. S. A. could be considered a silent partner in the agreement, he said gallantly: "The U. S. A. is too great a country to be silent."

Saturday, July 19

Yesterday I was asked to a preview of the latest Russian newsreels. German war prisoners being herded into a lorry were shown. There was something sniveling and groveling in their attitude, nothing defiant. Very German, that; as soon as a German is underdog, he begins to grovel, just as his whole infernal country did after the armistice in '18. I quite believe the Russian stories that many Germans, as soon as they fall into Russian hands, bleat about their Communist past or their little home in Austria, and their dislike of Hitler and the Nazis.

July 21, 10.30 P. M.

Looks as if the big blitz on Moscow has started. Is it or isn't it the blitz? I can't make head or tail of it. The guns are firing like mad, and the fireworks I can see from our kitchen window are fantastic. But I haven't heard the sound of any plane yet, nor have I heard anything drop except shrapnel. This morning there was already an air-raid warning, but it didn't matter. But tonight there was a real one, and since then the oddest things have been happening.

It was still quite dark outside when the warning sounded. At first there was a flight of what sounded like a large formation of fighter planes; but soon afterward the real fun started. Big booming bangs, and sharp light bangs, and the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun, and then a loud *woo-oof*, followed by a million dried peas being dropped on the floor; and when I looked out I saw tracer bullets and flares and flaming onions and all sorts of rockets, white and green and red; and the din was terrific—never knew anything like it in London. And searchlights all over the place. . . .

Somebody has just rung up to say that incendiaries are dropping round the Kremlin. There's shrapnel clattering on the pavement outside. So perhaps it's the beginning of the blitz, after all.

Tuesday, July 22, 10 P. M.

The second blitz is on. I am writing this in the shelter of the Narkomindel (Soviet Foreign Office). This morning I walked along the boulevards and the Sretenka. There were no signs of any devastation, and everybody looked quite cheerful. It wasn't even what London would call a "medium blitz." However, the Moscow fireworks, whether wasteful or not, were much more impressive than the London barrage. . . .

There was no sign of any damage near the Kremlin except a big bomb crater in the avenue north of it, and already people were busy filling that up. By two o'clock no trace of it was left. It just shows how easily airdromes can be mended.

It appears that a lot of incendiaries dropped on the Embassy. The general and the admiral and others kept the fire under control for a long time, but in the end they had to go and fetch the Russian fire brigade. When the brigade arrived, the chief fireman said to the others: "Comrades, I rely on you to liquidate rapidly and energetically the seat of the fire." This greatly tickled the fancy of the Embassy people.

Pravda today tells a story from the front curiously reminiscent of the stories one used to hear in France about the Nazi shock troops. They go in for "psychological" effects, screaming like lunatics as they charge the Russians; and when they get to a village they go all demented, killing cats, dogs, sheep, and everything that comes their way. And there is the usual machine-gunning of villages and of refugees, and hospital trains are often attacked by Nazi bombers.

Sunday, July 27, 1.30 A. M.

This morning we were taken on an excursion to see two German planes, brought down yesterday. The party was conducted by a Red Army colonel wearing a pince-nez, a very friendly person. The caravan consisted of ten cars, including two Jap cars, one with a diplomatic number plate.

We drove along the Leningrad Chaussée, through Tushino, and into the countryside. Along the road were many small rivers and ponds, where naked little boys were bathing and waving at us. The war seemed very far away. But beyond a fairly large

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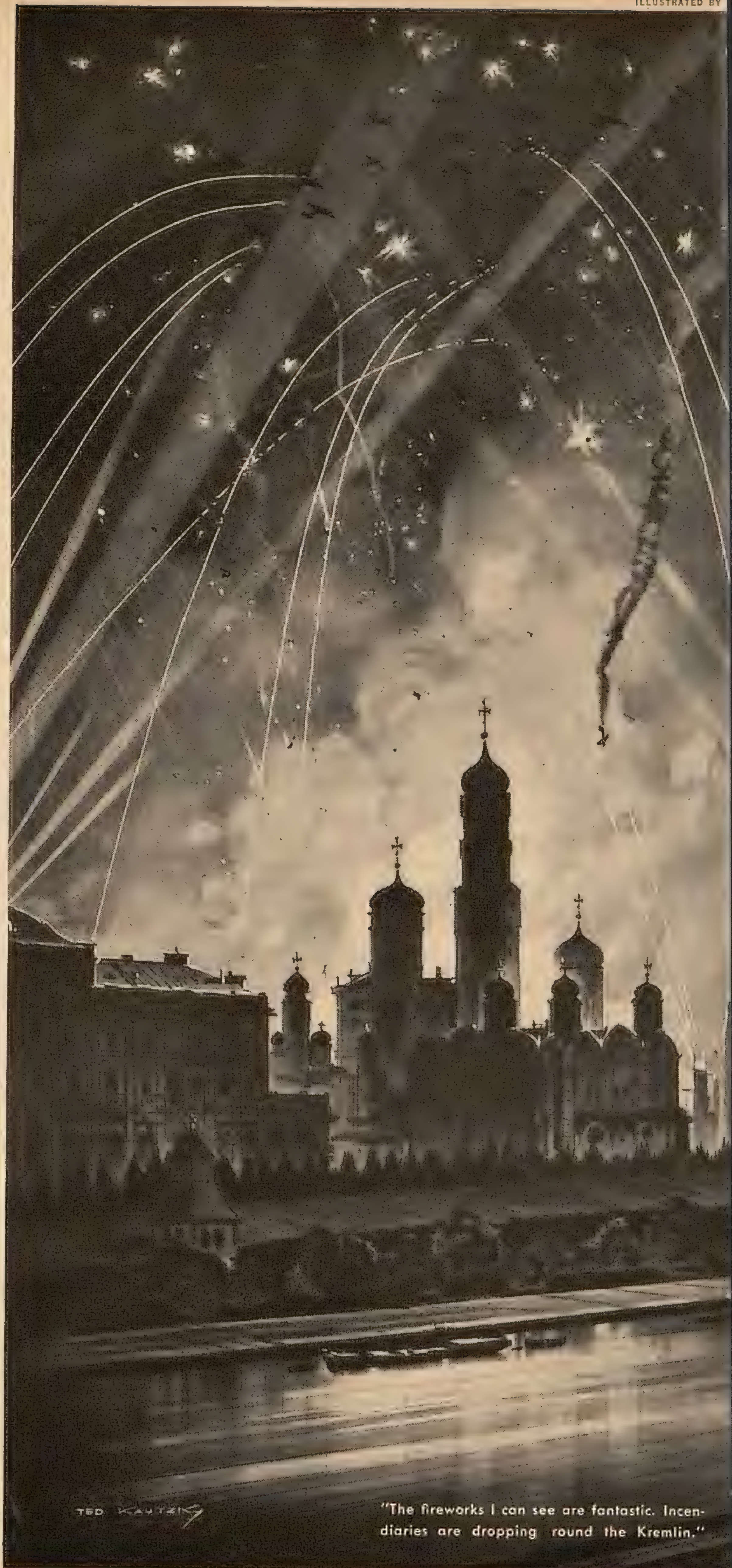


"The fireworks I can see are fantastic. Incendiaries are dropping round the Kremlin."

town called Istra we suddenly turned off into a country road, or rather path. At last we stopped, and were conducted up a slope into a small wood. "Heinkel 111," somebody said.

The wreckage was scattered unimpressively over a wide area. A crater —and at the foot of it were the tangled remains of an engine, and around it lay tubes and wires and what looked like the top of a camera. There was a sweet, sickly smell in the air. It came from the shapeless, longish mass off the side of the forest path—something black, with bluish red flesh showing and flies infesting it. Yesterday morning he was still alive; like so many others, whose notes and records have been found, he may have spent the winter dropping incendiaries round St. Paul's, and H. E.'s in Bermondsey or Borough High Street; and now, but for this crash, he would, with the same cold-bloodedness, have gone on killing the little Russian boys cheerfully bathing in the ponds off the Moscow road. The thought that he might have been a pleasant fellow like young Wolfgang, whom I used to know in Berlin, didn't worry me.

They all go demented, killing cats, dogs, sheep, everything.

An old peasant was turning over with a stick another blackened mass of putrefaction. "It's a head, I suppose. *Akh ty sterviatnik*—you carrion crow!" he said grimly.

The colonel explained how it had all happened. Reconnaissance flight over the Moscow area; intercepted by fighter, brought down; crew of four. There was a village boy there; he described how he saw the plane spinning down with smoke belching from its tail. "Ooh! He twisted and turned, and then he came down with an *awful* bang!"

After driving another twelve miles we turned off into a beautiful thick wood. Here in a glade lay the Junkers 88, its wings spread out, a swastika on its tail. One wing was half shot off. No dead bodies around this time. But there was the same smell again, sweet, sickly, and pieces of cotton wool and lint were lying on the grass. The tail was riddled with Russian bullets —good for the Russians! The giant carcass lay there motionless, helpless, revolting, and almost intact. Two of the seats had been flung out on the grass. The two dead bodies had been found attached to these seats. They were young chaps. The other two of the four were wounded. One was a colonel. A Red soldier told us:

"They didn't say much, but the colonel kept asking for water. The other one wouldn't let him drink. We called for a doctor; he came, and they're in the local hospital now. The colonel keeps asking for the iron cross or something he lost in landing; couldn't we find it for him? Queer people."

The soldier spoke without malice. If only the Germans had the same sense of *decency!*

Monday, July 28

The attitude of the Russian papers toward England is improving. They publish glowing accounts of the devastation wrought by the R. A. F. in places like Cologne and Düsseldorf. Last night I heard Harry Hopkins' speech on the gigantic American support for Britain, and about the thousands of bombers which would destroy German industry no matter how far east it goes. He made no mention of Russia, though.

At the press conference today Lozovsky described the Russian front as "a gigantic continuous Verdun." The truth is that what is happening now along the whole front is *the greatest event since the Battle of Britain.* What is it, I often wonder, that makes the Russians fight like this? They are defending *something,* their country, their regime, which are all part of the same thing. There is no longer a dividing line between "Soviet" and "Russia." Even the old people have become reconciled to it, especially since it has become a *national* regime. The army's resistance is, of course, strengthened by iron discipline; but any one who makes wisecracks—and I have heard some— to the effect that this war is "run by the G. P. U." is just a fool. . . .

Wednesday, July 30

I hear that Harry Hopkins is coming to Moscow. That's excellent. His speech over the London radio was given a lot of publicity in the Soviet press. . . .

On the Moscow embankment, all the windows in a large seven-story house that I saw today from a tramcar were smashed—it was some kind of scientific institute—and there was some damage all around, but no houses had been flattened out. The bomb must have fallen in the street. These wide Moscow streets are a great boon; nearly half the bombs must be wasted. . . .

The fire-fighting here, for all its errors, is *better* because no shirking is allowed. Three fellows guilty of neglect, and so responsible for the destruction of a large warehouse worth three million rubles, have been shot. I wonder what London would look like if, last September, a few City business men had been shot for going off for the week-end with their office keys. . . .

Friday, August 1

Very curious; I learn that every time there is a night raid on Moscow the Jap journalists go off to the country before dark. Inside knowledge?

Monday, August 11

Lozovsky today handed out some tortured corpse photographs. They are too sickening to be good propaganda, I think. Much better was the letter he produced from a bitch of a *Hausfrau* called Lotte. It was written to her *"lieber guter Gottfried,"* and read: "Couldn't you pinch me a fur coat from some filthy Jew? These swine can afford to lose one. There must still be things to be got in Russia. It would be a little compensation for the bad times through which we are passing. Would you also try to get me a pair of snow boots, size 39, so that at the end of a winter day my feet aren't cold in bed, and you don't call them ice dumplings."

Lozovsky laid down something of a principle for settling the German problem:

"We should start by shooting the SS and other Gestapo chaps—that is, some 300,000; they are Hitler's immediate fellow criminals. . . ."

But what about Lotte?

August 15

On Wednesday I went with Jordan and Sulzberger to a school building transformed into a hospital. It was clean. The medical staff appeared most efficient. Most of the patients were too ill to speak, but I was able to talk to a stocky young man of twenty-seven. He had been in the Red Army for a year. His jaw was swollen and his speech thick, but he volunteered to tell his grim story. I write it down just as he told it:

"Our platoon received the order to occupy the village of Demidovka. As we moved along a country road we met two women. They said: 'We've just come from there. The Germans have just occupied it. They're having their lunch now.' We crept carefully forward and, after opening fire, broke into the village, turned out the Germans, and killed several. Then we proceeded to build entrenchments round the village.

"Ooh! He came down with a bang!"

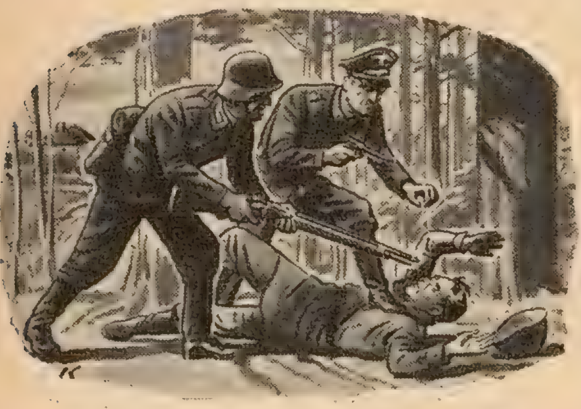
"But our commander decided that we ought to occupy a further stretch along the Smolensk road. It was getting dark when a small party of us set out. We crawled along the edge of the forest. Suddenly we were attacked by heavy gun and mortar fire. A splinter went through my thigh. The commander ordered me to return to the village, but I was in charge of a machine gun and wanted first to find

Solomon Lozovsky, spokesman for the Soviet Information Bureau, at his desk.

some one who would replace me. I somehow lost my party, and my mind wasn't very clear. So I remained lying half conscious in the wood.

"Suddenly I felt a hard kick that made me look up. I saw an officer and two soldiers. The officer, in broken Russian, ordered me to get up. I was too weak to do it. So the two soldiers raised me to my feet. The officer then asked questions about the Russian troops. I didn't answer. He struck me in the face and knocked me down. With his rifle he then fired at me at point-blank range. The first bullet ricocheted from my tin hat and merely stunned me, but the second went through my temple and face, coming out through my lower jaw, smashing my teeth and my tongue. The Germans thought I was dead, and went away. Strangely enough, I didn't lose consciousness, though I was losing a lot of blood.

"I lay in the grass waiting. It was now dawn. I heard a German motorcyclist driving along the road. The grass was not high, so I decided not to try to dress my wounds, as the Germans might notice me. When nightfall came, I crawled in the direction where I thought I had seen a river. I was very thirsty. I didn't find the river, but I got to a village, where the peasants said the Germans were all over the place, and advised me to spend the night in a barn. I did so. In the morning I heard Russian speech and saw our men."



"I didn't answer. He knocked me down."

August 20

I don't know how it happened, but nobody could be bothered going on that trip to a typical *kolkhoz* (state farm) outside of Moscow except me and three Japs. With us came Palgunov and Kozhemiakov. We walked through the grounds with the kolkhoz chairman, Comrade Rusin. He took us to his cottage for "tea"—in reality an enormous rustic meal, everything except the tea itself, the vodka, and the salt herring being a product of the kolkhoz. Among the people at his tea table was the secretary of the regional committee of the Communist Party, a tall, gay, extraordinarily handsome fellow. He wore a high Soviet decoration, conferred on him for munition-making.

There was talk of how Nazi Germany would be repaid tenfold for all she had done to other people. A young woman kolkhoz expert kept repeating that England ought to strike much harder at Germany to draw off some troops from Russia. And she asked: "Why can't America do more, since she also is committed to victory?"

She kept questioning the Japs on how tomatoes were grown in Japan, and of course they hadn't the vaguest idea and merely giggled. Comrade Rusin, in pouring out more drinks for them, kept mispronouncing the Japs' names, calling Mr. Kuga "Tuga," which means "tight" in Russian. And the secretary of the regional committee, who got a bit uproarious toward the end, said to me: "Let's go and hang these Japs. They're probably just a lot of Nazi spies." I said I quite approved, but suggested it might create a diplomatic incident. Addressing the Japs, he nevertheless said: "Now, frankly, do you Japs really disapprove of the German attack on Russia?" And the Japs hissed and giggled.

One of them actually got rather tight, and when we were taken to see the prize bull on the dairy farm, Kozhemiakov took this Jap under one arm and I took him under the other, and so we walked across the field. We all admired the bull, and our Jap, looking at the animal's powerful equipment, exclaimed in pidgin Russian:

"What a beautiful cow, and what a lot of milk you must get from her!"

August 23

There was a hullabaloo last night. We were having dinner when a phone call came from somebody at the Nark, saying that the Japanese ambassador had just seen Molotov. I went down to the Nark. The Jap who had distinguished himself at the kolkhoz by mistaking a bull for a cow now looked like the center of the universe. Standing between the map of the United States and Lenin's portrait, he was handing out "inside dope" about the alleged demands the Japs had just made on the Russians. Very confidentially—but to everybody. The Japs, he suggested, had asked that the Russian Far Eastern Army be demobilized "as a token of good will," and that no American shipments be made via Vladivostok. "Failing which—?" I said. At which the little scoundrel hissed and giggled.

I don't think there is much in this story. The Japs are simply trying on a little war of nerves, with our expert on cattle trying to get the American journalists all worked up. . . . The Russian censors wouldn't pass any of the "conjectures," and merely passed the bare statement that Molotov had received the Jap ambassador.

Monday, August 25

The small space given in the Soviet press to Churchill's speech today suggests that the Russians are not too pleased with England. They must be annoyed by the delay of the Economic Conference, and by Beaverbrook's statement in America some days ago suggesting that he did not wish to be rushed. A certain amount of stuff has been reaching Russia from England, including some planes (some of which are since said to have bombed Berlin), but it doesn't amount to very much so far. In the literature dropped by the Russians over the German lines there is hardly any reference to the British allies. The only leaflet relating to Britain is the text of the Atlantic Charter, which the Russians have O. K.'d.

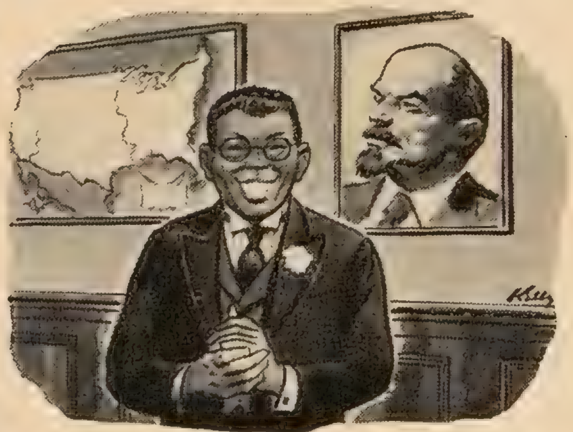
Large-scale economic aid to Russia is apparently being planned for the spring, but nothing wonderful for the immediate future. No wonder the Russians aren't overenthusiastic about Churchill at the moment. They also cut out from their press reports all he said about Japan. . . .

The newsreel I saw tonight shows more arrivals by air of Polish, Czech, and Yugoslav diplomats. The Soviet audience didn't react in any particular

way. But they recognized "Creeps," as they call Cripps, with visible approval.

Wednesday, August 27

Moscow is taking increasing interest in England and in the R. A. F. There is a new poster showing an R. A. F. man and a Soviet airman shaking hands over Berlin; English grammars are sold on the bookstalls, an exhibition of English books "from Chaucer to Shaw" has been opened in the West European Library; a new newsreel about British A. A. defenses is showing in the cinemas, the Moscow Art Theater is playing The School for Scandal, and good prices are offered for English books by the secondhand bookshops. . . .



Standing between map and portrait, the little Jap scoundrel hissed and giggled.

The other day I met Captain Billotte, son of the general who was killed in a car smash at the time of Dunkirk. He had recently escaped from Germany, and had made good use of German stupidity. He had traveled across half Germany, and every time he and his two pals were at a railway station they made a point of sitting next to the Gestapo chap who was looking for them. He is now going to join de Gaulle. Like all other escaped war prisoners, he cannot speak too highly of the Poles, and of the risks they took to help them. He's a French officer of the very best type—full of guts and personality.

August 29

Y. had some "bad news" for me, as he called it. Somebody had come from Dniepropetrovsk, and had seen many Russian soldiers there *barefooted*. That *is* bad, if it's true. I mentioned it when I saw Z. this evening. "Oh, that, at any rate, is all right," he said. "Three million pairs of army boots have just arrived—48,000 tons of boots!" "British or American?" "All British," he said. There was something thrilling about it. England bombed, bombed, bombed—and producing three million pairs of boots for Russia!

When I asked what Z. thought of the outlook in general, he said: "The enormous problem now is going to be the problem of British and American supplies. It's absolutely vital." And he added that he was more confident about British than about American determination to help the Russians. "Are the Russians to get the stuff under the Lease-Lend Act?" I asked. "Oh, God only knows," he said, rather peevishly.

Tuesday, September 2

Storm in the journalistic teacup. Ralph Ingersoll has been here a fortnight or more, and he is determined to see Stalin. He has been pestering the life out of the American Embassy, bothering Ambassador Steinhardt, spending a fortune on urgent cables to Sumner Welles and Oumansky. . . . The line he takes is that, since he specially traveled nearly round the world to see Stalin and get an interview from him for his New York paper (PM, I believe, is its name), it would be *very wrong* of Stalin not to see him.

None of us has been received by Stalin, and there is no reason at all why Ingersoll should be. He suspects the British press of having expressed this view to all kinds of people; and, in short, of having tried to sabotage his trip. To millions of Russians this war is a matter of life and death; but to Mr. Ingersoll it's an opportunity for a scoop, and people don't like this attitude.

Ingersoll is particularly furious with Jordan, whose wisecrack must have been repeated to him. "Ingersoll didn't take Moscow, and knows it," Philip said, parodying Ingersoll's melodramatic article about the London blitz last September, which he called: "Hitler took London and didn't know it." . . .

Curious talk with two old muzhiks who were janitors, or something, attached to cottages in a suburb. One of the two reflected on the wickedness of "that wicked man" Hitler. "Just think," he said, "of all the millions of people he has killed and ruined. How, I ask you, can God allow such a man to go on living? Think of all the suffering he has brought on the whole world."

This old man had three sons, he said, and two of them were in the army, and now he was living with the third one, who was half-witted. "But I devote my whole life to him now, and if they are going to call him up I'll just go and join up to, although I am past sixty. It's terrible what these Germans are doing to our people, but we'll beat them all right in the end. Our Red Army pushed them back from Moscow last month—now, didn't they? I was in the last war. Our soldiers were good enough soldiers, but they weren't so certain then what they were fighting for; but now they know."

He was sure the war would be over in November. The other muzhik said it would probably last till January. "Last time, Grisha," he said, "you said it would end in August; I told you it would last longer, and you see I was right." I didn't like to disillusion them, but suggested that it might last even longer than till January.

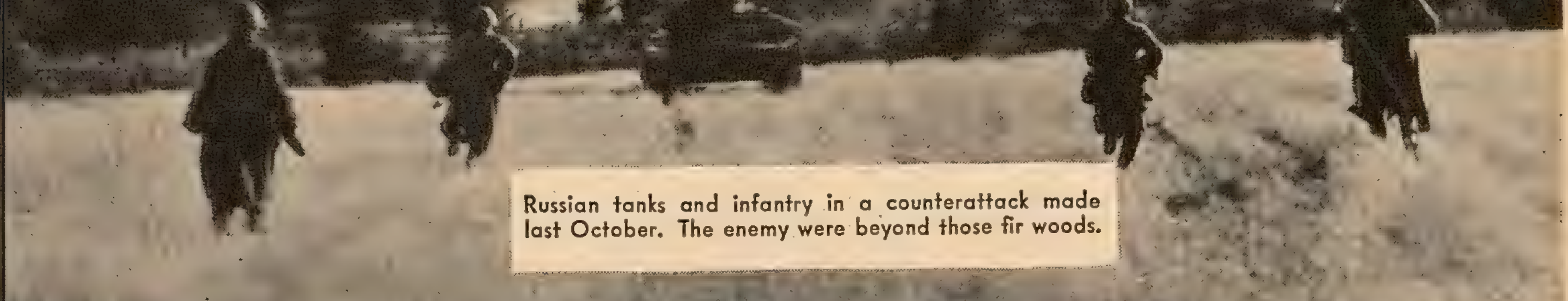
September 5

Ingersoll has seen Stalin, after all. He pulled so many wires in Washington, and made such a nuisance of himself to everybody with his pestering and arguing, that Stalin was finally persuaded to see him for a few minutes. Ralph was warned, however, that no interview would be given him for publication. We all had a good laugh; and I am told he has left Moscow full of praise of the Russians but very angry with the British. . . .

It seems that the German attack on Russia has greatly delayed America's entry into the war. German propaganda in the States is exploiting as hard as it can the "godlessness" of the Russian government; and it seems to be carrying some weight.

Monday, September 8

We've just been listening to the English news broadcast. Very good, that story about the "anniversary" raid on Berlin—the anniversary of the first big London blitz. And it was great fun to hear the German wireless squealing, with great moral indignation, about British inhumanity,



Russian tanks and infantry in a counterattack made last October. The enemy were beyond those fir woods.

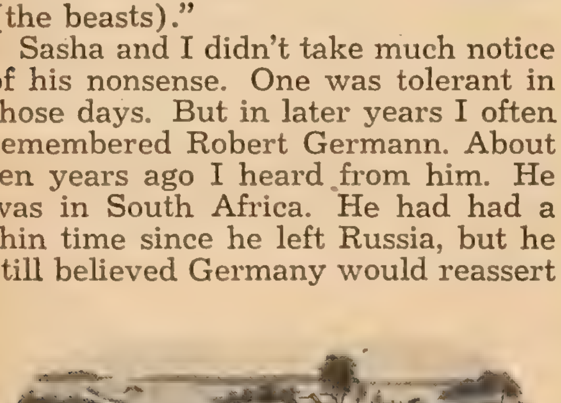
and about the bombed-out women and children of Berlin crowding into rest centers set up in school buildings. I seem to remember a few last year—especially that one off the Old Kent Road. . . . And the sirens sounding, and the massacre in London's East End beginning. . . .

A conversation yesterday reminded me of the Reformatskoie, one of the three "German" schools in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) before the Revolution, and the one to which I went. The only German schoolmate with whom I had a lot to do was called Robert Germann. His father was the chief surgeon of the eye hospital. He had always very poor marks, and had a disgusting habit of biting his nails and the flesh around them. For all his good looks, there was something mentally defective about him. At heart he knew that Sasha M., my best friend, and I were mentally more alert than he, and I think he respected and admired us for that reason, often repeating as his own remarks we had made. But in one respect he felt very superior to us: he was a real, hundred-per-cent German. He despised the Russians, ridiculed the English, and said the French were completely degenerate.

One day I found him standing in front of a mirror. He was passing his chewed fingers through the large lock of fair hair falling over his forehead. "It's a great thing to have fair hair," he said. "Why?" I asked. "Well, you see, it's a question of race—the German race—Nordics, you know, superior to all other races." He was unable to develop his theory; he had, apparently, just picked it up from some relation of his; but he felt very pleased about it all the same. I pointed out that there were many fair-haired Russians and some dark Germans; this rather puzzled him, but he said something more about "the Nordic race" And when, much later, during the Great War, we went in a tramcar crowded with Russian soldiers, he used to say in French (for he liked to show off his French): *"Les animaux* (the beasts)."

Sasha and I didn't take much notice of his nonsense. One was tolerant in those days. But in later years I often remembered Robert Germann. About ten years ago I heard from him. He was in South Africa. He had had a thin time since he left Russia, but he still believed Germany would reassert herself. He sent me a snapshot of himself, looking like the lord of creation as he stood there between two wretched black men, with a cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth. I am convinced that, if he hasn't been locked up, he must be up to some mischief in South Africa.

Perhaps I should be grateful to him; he gave me an insight into Nazism long before anybody had heard about it.



Each deported Volga German household is allowed to take two tons of belongings.

Diplomatic arrivals. Left to right: F. Molochkov; Yugoslavia's Gavrilovitch; Czechoslovakia's Firlinger; Britain's Cripps; Poland's Retinger, and General Sziszkobogusz.

I TOLD much of this to Miliutin, a typical Russian intellectual, and his wife. He was so friendly that I ventured to touch on one or two sore subjects.

"You've made some mistakes," I said, "but, in spite of it, you have built up something which is magnificent. Soviet Russia is a great country. You've achieved that. I've been away for twenty-four years. And I know in my bones that this is still Russia, but in many ways a better Russia—though in some respects a Russia that is less good. I'll talk to you quite frankly. I think if you had a satirist of genius like Saltykov you wouldn't, like the Czarist regime, allow him to write all sorts of scurrilous things about you. You'd simply lock him up in a concentration camp or shoot him."

"Yes, we probably should," said Miliutin. "But you've got to remember that, for the present, we can't afford the luxury of such freedom. In time all that will change, but now there are too many things to build up, too many things to do; anything that undermines the collective effort, the collective enthusiasm, is bad. But remember, we've got the Stalin Constitution, out of which a democratic Russia is going to evolve. It answers the aspirations of our people. Its application would be in full swing by now but for the war, and the menace of war that has hung over this country for years. And when I say democratic Soviet Russia I mean democratic *Soviet* Russia, not a strict imitation of your parliamentary bourgeois democracy."

"What is going to be the position of the party?" I asked.

"Well, the Communist Party is that *apparatus* of national policy which will bring into full existence that Soviet democracy—democracy without private capitalism — which is Stalin's aim. There is no dividing line any more between the party and the nation; the two are becoming more and more parts of the same thing. And in this war you have seen how our people—who are easygoing in many ways—have had their discipline and morale constantly kept up to scratch by the party."

"Yes, I entirely agree," I said. "But the Comintern?"

"Well," said Miliutin a little evasively, "we don't really see much of the Comintern these days, do we? And have you seen the last issue of the Comintern monthly?"

I said I had, and that I couldn't help chuckling at the glowing tributes it was paying to the British government.

"So you see," he laughed, "there isn't much to worry about."

"Well," I said, "not at the moment.

But you will admit that the British Communist Party pursued a pretty absurd and antinational policy before June 22." And I cited a few examples.

"I dare say," said Miliutin. "But, frankly, I don't think anybody in this country is in the least interested in what the British Communist Party is doing. We never even hear about it these days. I don't think anybody worries about it. No; the way I look at it is that the world is going to change a lot in the course of this war; that we are going to become increasingly democratic—though there will inevitably be a few years' reconstruction, after all the damage the Germans have caused; and that you too will develop a new kind of democracy. But I don't think the Communist Party or the Comintern need worry you in England. Our people are not interested in the world revolution in the old sense of the word.

"You know the famous old story—fully ten years old—about the young man who boasted of having got a job for his whole life. His job was to climb to the top of the Kremlin every morning and see if the world revolution had started."

I ventured just one more question: When the new Stalin democracy came along would the G. P. U. be abolished?

"G. P. U.," said Miliutin. "There's no such thing any more. There's the N. K. V. D."

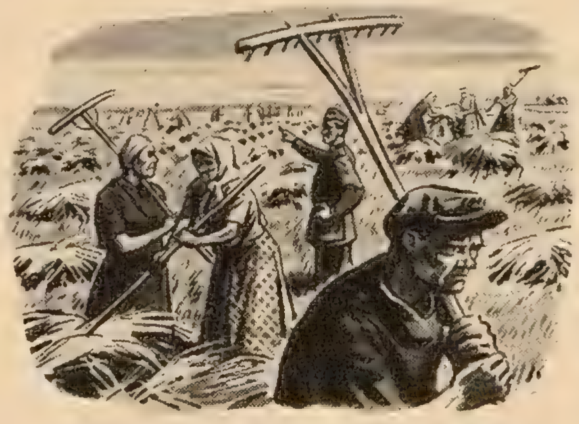
"Well, isn't it the same thing?"

"No. It's all quite different since the liquidation of the Yezhov crew. But, anyway, the police, the secret police, has been absolutely essential. Do you imagine that if the Trotskyists hadn't been liquidated we shouldn't have a fifth column in this country now? I don't know if you know much about the Spanish war—we film people took a passionate interest in it—but remember that the worst sabotage and the worst defeatist propaganda in republican Spain were done by the Trotskyists. They called themselves the P. O. U. M."

I liked Miliutin, and thought he had summed up very nicely a great number of points and tendencies I had observed elsewhere in Moscow.

September 9

The Russians no longer seem to believe very much in "good Germans." About ten days ago a decree was published—though not in the daily press—ordering the deportation to Siberia and to Central Asia of the entire German population of the German Volga Republic. Six hundred thousand people are affected. The Russians are not taking any chances with any Germans. . . . I imagine the deportation is going to be a pretty brutal affair; but it is surely less a departure from the principle of "equality of nationalities and races" than a realistic approach to the problem of a German minority. . . .


The necessity is emphasized for Germans to keep Russian agriculture going . . .

The Volga Germans have cleaner villages and better sanitation than the Russians on the Volga. And because of that they have always looked down on them, have consistently refused to marry Russians ever since they got here in the reign of Catherine, and have disdained the Russian language. I dare say *some* of them are quite harmless. . . .

Jordan has made a big story of what he called "the greatest forced migration in history," and the News Chronicle has naturally splashed it all over the place. Very unwise, I think. It'll only encourage the anti-Reds and also our more tenderhearted Liberals to talk about Soviet brutality.

Actually, I am told, each Volga-German household has been allowed to take two tons of belongings with it.

September 10

To put an end to opposition and passive resistance in the occupied areas of Russia, the Germans are, I am told, resorting to the queerest tricks. They circulate fake editions of Pravda with completely defeatist articles. They also tell the people to keep portraits of certain Soviet leaders who "have set up a pro-German government in Moscow," but to destroy others, notably Stalin's. They also undertake to deliver letters and parcels to Kiev, Moscow, and Leningrad, which, the people are asked to believe, are already under German occupation.

September 15

Very nasty outlook around Kiev. I've just seen a circular signed by a German general deploring the unduly indiscriminate shooting of civilians in captured Russian towns and villages:

"Even Communists should be shot only with your officer's approval."

He emphasizes the necessity for Germany to keep Russian agriculture going as much as possible, and says the German soldiers should try to sound friendly to the Russian peasants, and to refrain from looting in villages and on collective farms. The Russian peasants are not being taken in by any German smiles, and the German plans for starting a Quisling movement in the Ukraine have proved a complete flop. . . .

The Russian papers are full of rape stories, while the Krokodil—which is quite amusing at times—embroiders on the theme of Nordic stud farms which the Germans, it is said, are planning to set up so as to keep up the birth rate in wartime. Good comic poem about dreamy sentimental Gretchen looking at the moon and thinking of her fiancé, and suddenly receiving a summons to present herself at the stud farm at 6 P. M. the next day.

September 16 to 25

At last, at last, at last. . . . Palgunov called a "confidential" press conference a week ago last Sunday. Only eight or nine people were invited.

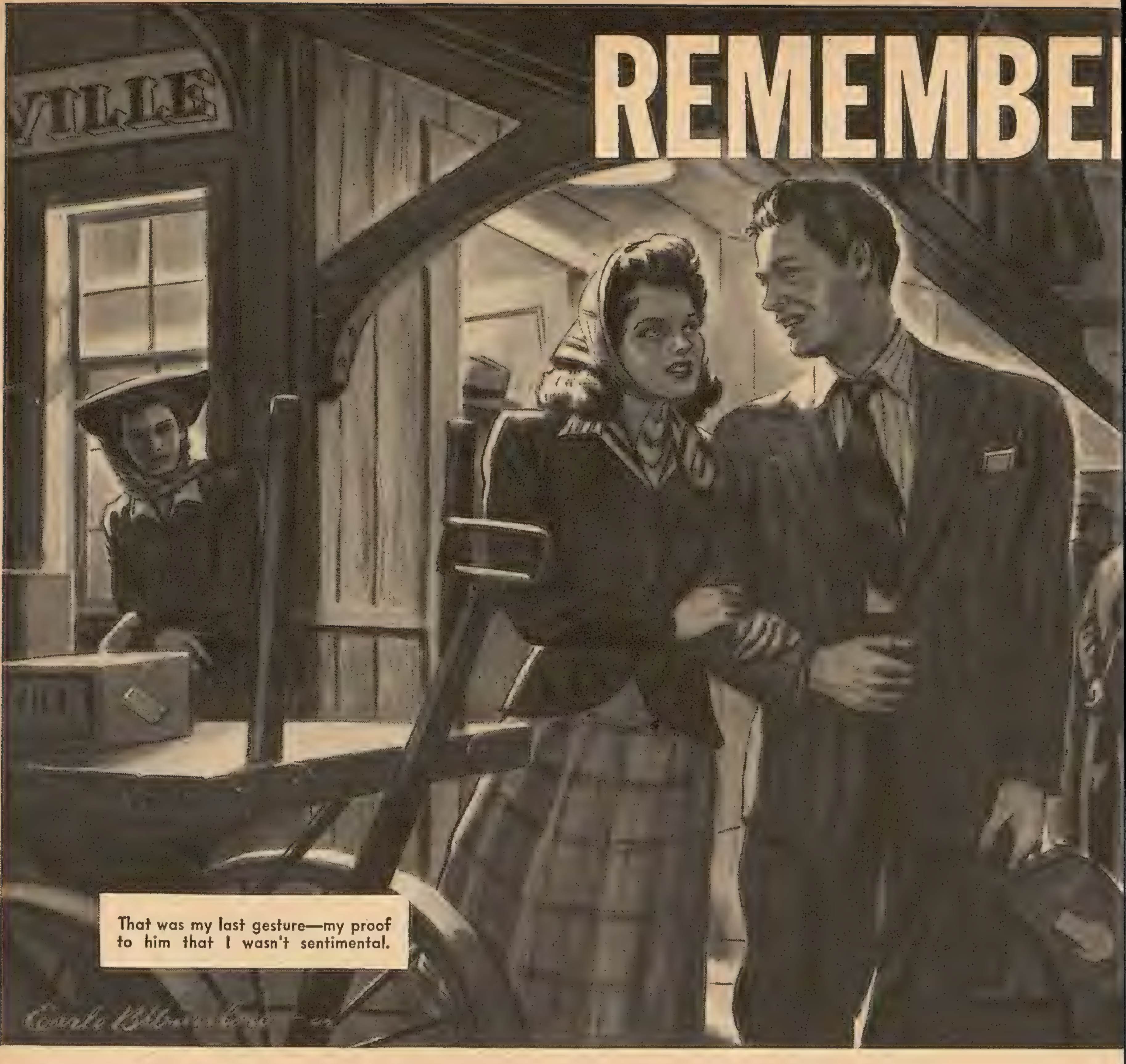
"Tomorrow," he said, "you will go to the front. You will start out from here at 7.45 in the morning. Don't talk about it till then."

With Mr. Werth's graphic record of what he saw at the front, and his inferences about the outlook for victory and about Russia's role in a free world's future, Liberty's condensation of his Moscow War Diary will be concluded next week.

army skiers advancing swiftly through
wy woods for an attack on the Germans.

ILLUSTRATED BY EARLE WINSLOW

REMEMBE



That was my last gesture—my proof to him that I wasn't sentimental.

A story of unsentimental youth today—and a tear-stained blue handkerchief

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I KNOW it's late, mother. But I won't take long. I won't even turn on your light. I'll wiggle out of this dress in the dark. And, mother . . . I have to talk about it. I simply *have* to. I'll lie awake long enough as it is, thinking about him and tonight. . . .

Remember how it was the first night? When I'd met him? I had to talk then, too, and it was so much harder. But that was different. I was happy that night.

Remember—I said we'd all been down at the Fudge Shop, drinking cokes and playing those silky rumba records, and he came in with George. George introduced him around, but I didn't hear his name. I didn't hear a word George said. I couldn't. Sometimes I can be seeing so hard I can't listen at all.

And there was so much to see, mother. You know there was. About all you've ever said is, "He's a very nice-looking boy," but sometimes *I know* you can look back and see how a boy would have impressed you at nineteen.

At first I thought it was just the contrast to neat, smooth little George. Because his clothes were so careless, and his hair was wild as the mane on that pony you and dad gave me once—because he was so tall, and so brown even in winter. But I kept seeing, and I knew it wasn't contrast; it was just him. The flash in his eyes, maybe, like they were waging their own private revolution against the world, and the mouth going with them. You did mention his eyes once, mother. You said they were defiant but not sulky. You said they were looking for a fight, but a good fight worth looking for.

He got a chair for himself, and I felt my face getting fiery when he put the chair next to mine. But it wasn't his sitting there that embarrased me; it was my wanting him to so much.

"I'd better sit next to you," he said. "Yours was the only name I caught. Mary West. Right?"

When I nodded, he said, "That's a very simple name. I think that's why I like it."

Maybe it was just the crisp way he said it, or the wide grin—but he seemed more direct than any boy I'd ever met. He was brand-new to me, different in a *different* way.

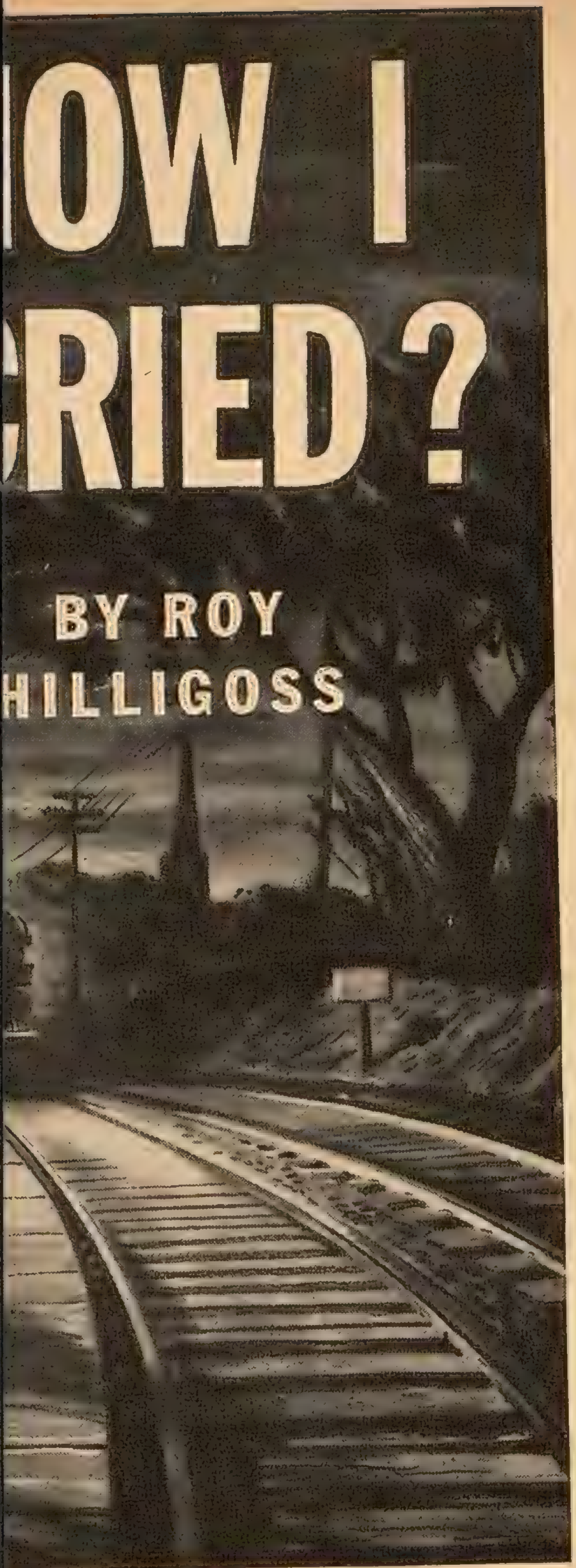
So I was direct, too. I said, "I didn't get your name at all."

He didn't mind. "Just Bill Garrison," he said.

"And where are you from?" I asked. "I know you don't live in Worcesterville. You don't even sound Eastern."

OW I CRIED ?

BY ROY HILLIGOSS



"Well," he said, "I'm from Nebraska. Think of that. But I went to college with George—that's why I'm here this week-end, seeing him—and I went on to a job in New York."

"What kind of a job?" I asked.

"A miserable job," he said. "Starting at the bottom in a department store."

"Oh," I said. "So you don't like starting at the bottom."

"I don't mind that a bit," he said, frowning. "But I want to do something important, and darned if I know how to start. If I could build a bridge or write a symphony or support some great cause—"

"You're just young yet," I said airily. Then I softened and said, "But maybe you will do something important some day."

"I'd like you better," he said, "if you'd stopped with telling me off." And I was simply stunned.

"And now," he went on, "suppose I ask you some questions."

"I don't care," I said, "but there's nothing to find out. I go to Academy here and live at home with my mother and father. I don't date any one boy in particular, but I'm choosy and I still go out all I want to."

He looked a little stunned himself, and then he began to grin. "I think," he said softly, almost as if I weren't supposed to hear, "that I've found something—something—" Whatever that meant.

Pretty soon we were dancing. I don't know just when, because everything seemed hazy and I wasn't sure of time and sequence. Dancing with him was exactly what I'd expected. He was so lean and strong and sort of tense all over, as if he were ready to go anywhere, or into anything, fast.

"You're a good dancer for a corn-belt boy," I told him.

"I don't know why I should be," he said. "I don't like the music."

I couldn't believe that. It was a moonlight song, one of those wistful melodies that always catch at my throat and make wonderful memories for me about things that never have happened.

"This sort of stuff's too embroidered," he said. "Sentimentality. Escape. Nothing real. Makes me think of second-rate love movies and amusement parks and bridge teas."

"Just what do you like?" I asked.

"Wagner," he said; "Eugene O'Neill; John Steinbeck; sitting around with real people having good talks about things that matter. Don't you?"

I wanted to be awfully direct and honest. But suddenly I was scared. In just those few minutes—thirty or forty of them, maybe—Bill Garrison had got to be terribly important to me; and he was so different from any one I'd ever known, and from me.

"Of course I like that," I lied. "What do you think I am? The old-fashioned silly schoolgirl type? She went out ages ago, Bill. I'm really surprised—"

"Swell," he said. "Oh, swell!" And I was glad I'd lied.

Bill and George drove me home, and Bill came up to the door with me. I stood half inside, wondering and waiting, half afraid, half wishing. But he just lifted his hand carelessly and said, "Good night, Mary," as casually as if he'd known me for years, and as if—oh, I hoped, I prayed—as if he'd be seeing me very soon again.

REMEMBER when I came up here, mother, after he'd said good night—and how much I wanted to talk and how hard it was? I told you so little of what I've told you tonight. But you must have known it was something real. Always before, when I raved about some new boy, I could feel you smiling there in the darkness. But not this time. There must have been something in my voice. In the way I tried to find the right words and then couldn't put them together. Something that made you look back and think of your first night with dad.

You must have told dad about it, too. Because the next day—Sunday—there was none of his gentle teasing when I told Al and Jimmy no over the phone. I guess you both knew I was hoping Bill would call. I guess you knew it wasn't just keeping free to get the best dancer for a prom or the wackiest boy for a costume party or the snootiest car for a picnic. I guess you knew that now and then something suddenly happens, and calling it a nineteen-year-old crush doesn't tell the story any more.

But you didn't know how close I came to crying that night when I realized Bill wouldn't call, that he was going on back to New York without seeing me. You didn't even suspect how I felt. I was practicing the way Bill wanted a girl to be, and I was getting good at it. I fooled you and dad just as I'd fooled Bill at the Fudge Shop.

YOU didn't know how much his first letter hurt, either. Because I opened it right in front of you at breakfast, and smiled over it and tossed it, oh, so carelessly down on the table in front of you. Remember how indifferent I was? I said, "Poor Bill—George kept him spinning last week-end. He couldn't even get near a phone to call me before he left."

You didn't know how hard it was to write that answer—that flip little note about my being so tired from study and dating and everything that it was a good thing he hadn't come over Sunday. I don't think you even understood the note, mother, because you looked puzzled about it.

Remember how you took my hand and said, "You like Bill very much, don't you, Mary"? And how I shrugged and said, "Oh, as much as I *can* like a boy, I suppose"? And how you smiled and said, "Dear, some things have changed a little in between our generations, but there's something I *could* tell you about boys and what they want and what they think they want . . ."?

I hope you weren't hurt, mother, when I said, "I know how to handle Bill, if that's what you mean. You leave him to me."

Because, after all, I'd practically looked right inside his mind and heart, and you hadn't even seen him.

Anyway, you left it up to me after that, didn't you? You didn't give me any advice at all. And I was glad. I was surprised, too—especially when you finally met Bill and liked him.

I was thrilled at the way dad talked about him. "Bill's got something," he said. "Head high in the sky but feet on the ground. Big things come out of that. Makes me think of that fine tall corn out in the country he came from." And I bubbled over inside when you smiled at Bill—showing what you thought of how he could be nice to you without being stuffy or sticky.

But you left it up to me. And between visits the letters kept on being the same. And he never tried to kiss me. I never showed I wanted him to, either; I never got sentimental at all. I tried to act the way he'd expect a boy to act that he liked to pal around with.

But I couldn't feel that way, and it was terrible trying to hold it all in and not let him see what he meant to me. If he'd told me about the army himself, I'd have slipped for sure. I'd have broken right down and spoiled everything. But because the letter came first I was prepared. I could be casual, and make clever remarks, and not let him see my heartache and fear.

If he hadn't come down to see me before he left for camp, I'd have died. Yet when he was here I almost wished he'd just gone on without seeing me. Trying to smile and show how little I really cared about his going was driving me crazy. I felt like a stick of dynamite with everything inside all ready to explode.

We drove out along the river Saturday night, and I hated the moon for smiling at us and the river for making the stars dance for us and the trees for nodding at us as we drove by.

“My number was taking a long time coming,” Bill said. “I just decided to join anyway and find out what it was all about.”

“Better than the bottom of a department store, I suppose,” I said.

“Better?” he said. His lips drew tight together. “Mary, I think this is the important work I told you about once. Remember?”

“Vaguely,” I said.

He laughed softly. “Impressed by nothing,” he said. “Mary, you're amazing.”

Pretty soon we stopped by a little cove. We sat there in silence for a long time. Finally I felt Bill stir, and I said over and over to myself, “Please kiss me, Bill. Please hold me tight.” Aloud I said, “It's a relief coming here with you, Bill. Other boys think it's the jumping-off place for a beautiful friendship. It gets very tiresome.”

He didn't answer and he didn't move. Presently we were just talking again. And awhile after that he started the car and drove me home, and stood on the bottom step and said, “See you tomorrow, Mary.”

I didn't come in to see you that night, mother. But I didn't cry, either. I was getting better and better at being the way Bill wanted me to be.

I don't suppose you understood why I made you go down to the station with me to see Bill off. But that was my last gesture—my last proof to him that I wasn't sentimental, that saying good-by alone wasn't particularly important.

Of course you disappeared while we were helping him get settled, but that was all right; I had everything under control then.

“BILL,” I said, “don't you dare show up in Worcesterville again till you're wearing bars on your shoulders.”

“Bars!” he said. “I'll skip them!” His eyes, when he looked at me, were very bright. I could tell how much it meant to him—this going off to work for a cause the way he'd always wanted to. His hand just touched my shoulder lightly. “I'll help you off the train, Mary.”

I smiled and shook my head. “Save your energy, soldier—for K. P. duty.” I lifted my hand in the casual wave he always used. “A postcard sometime will do,” I said. “ 'By.”

I winked at him and went out of the car, and on the platform it happened.

Remember, mother—the tears? The bitter, scalding tears that had been coming for weeks? All my wanting him and loving him and losing him—in one wild, blinding torrent that shook me to pieces.

I didn't even see you there for a moment. And when I did, I was ashamed. I dried the tears as best I could, and climbed off the platform and half ran up through the station without looking back once.

And when you finally caught up to me, mother, I loved you for the way you didn't say a word and just put your arm around me and kept it there a long, long time. . . .

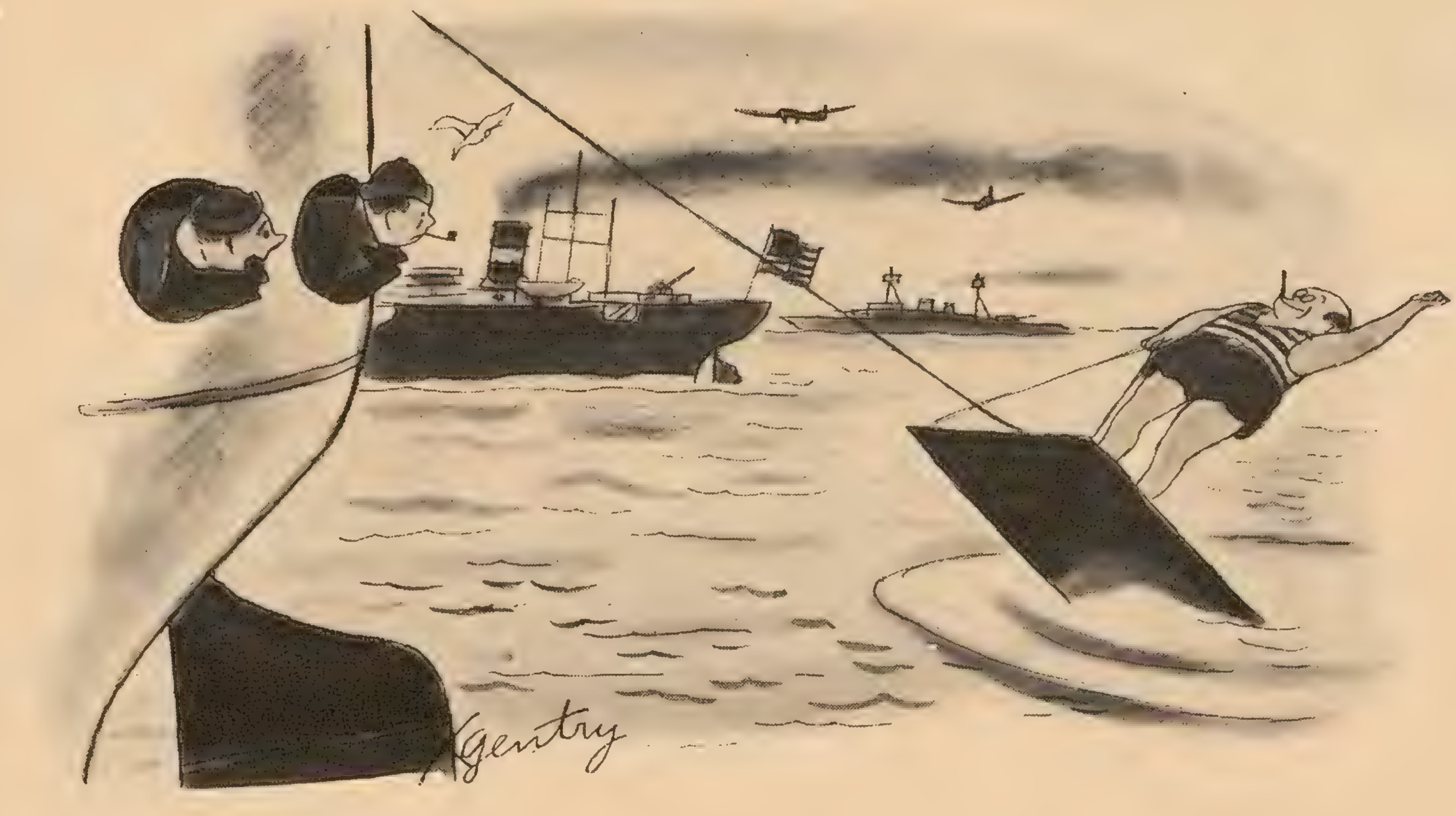
So you can understand why I'm not just happy tonight, mother. . . . When he came in the Fudge Shop and lifted me gently to my feet and said, “I've hitchhiked a long way . . . to tell you I love you.” When he kissed me and said, “You've got to wait for me, Mary—Mary, Mary, darling . . .” Can't you see what a poor, puny little word *happy* is?

And, mother, can't you see how right I was, wanting to handle him my way? Sometimes you can look back to being nineteen, but we're all different today—so very different.

But it's funny, mother. . . . He gave me the blue handkerchief I lost at the train. He said, “This was a little damp when I found it on the seat beside me.” And I can't understand. I dried my eyes with it out on the platform, and if I dropped it anywhere, you'd think it was out there, wouldn't you?

THE END

BY K. GENTRY



“Don't ask me. All I know is that he turned up with the convoy this morning.”

BARNUM OF DEM BUMS

"Dem bums" win the National League flag—and does Larry exult!

Meet gentleman-roughneck Larry MacPhail . . Baseball never had any one like him!

BY DAN PARKER

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IN a popularity contest among baseball magnates, Larry MacPhail would probably get only one vote—his own. Yet, as Sam Breadon said not long ago to some of them: "MacPhail may be everything you've called him, but he's also the greatest promoter in baseball, and there's not one among you who hasn't derived some benefit from what he's done for the game."

Pinned down to facts, every club owner in the majors would have to admit that the shrewd president of the St. Louis Cardinals was right about Larry. No individual since Babe Ruth's time has done more for the game than has this boisterous Barnum.

Baseball's reluctance to give him his due may explain why a nation-wide poll of baseball writers, conducted by a leading press service at the start of the current season, made the St. Louis Cardinals a 2-to-1 favorite over the Brooklyn Dodgers to win the 1942 pennant, even though the Cardinals had lost some of their 1941 power and the Dodgers had been strengthened.

Certainly MacPhail's recipe for success flouts most of the rules. He does exactly what he wants to on all occasions. He treats the press as if it existed only through his sufferance, stands his Flatbush followers in the aisles or behind girders and makes them like it, reprimands judges and politicians.

There are more contradictions in his nature than you could shake a stick at. A cultured gentleman by training and breeding, he's a roughneck by choice. But, belligerent as he is, he's not a fistic fighter. Several of his antagonists have found out that he'll bully you if you let him, but if you don't he'll take the "let's be pals" attitude. Lou Smith, a Cincinnati sports writer, reached the "put your fists up" stage with him when Larry was the business manager of the Cincinnati Reds, but Larry didn't put his fists up. There's a hazy legend that, back in the American Association days in Columbus, an umpire at whom Larry made a truculent gesture chased him twice around the ball park. If that happened, it was before he had learned how to handle umpires; they run from him now. One decision he lost about which there is no question is his kayo at the hands of a Cincinnati city detective in Cincy's swankiest hotel. Apologists say it was one of Larry's off nights.

He spent a large sum fitting up a press club at Ebbets Field where baseball writers might relax, be refreshed, and listen to him. Yet he introduced the forty-cent service charge on so-called press passes which angered the New York newspapers and politicians no end and caused some of them to dump the pseudo-passes back in Larry's lap. All but two papers accepted the same type of pass from him this season, however, making it a moral victory for Larry.

When a Brooklyn judge criticized the ticket policies of the Brooklyn baseball club from the bench last March in passing sentence on several ticket scalpers, MacPhail called the baseball writers together in Daytona Beach, Florida, and blandly announced that, since the Dodgers had no connection with the ticket speculating cases, he had retained Wendell Willkie's law firm to bring suit against the judge. Of course, being a lawyer himself, MacPhail knew that a judge's remarks from the bench are privileged—and knew likewise that what he himself said about a New York judge in Florida was, in a manner of speaking, just as privileged. Nevertheless, the writers were awed. MacPhail had told the bench where it got off!

When the Dodgers arrived back in Brooklyn, the judge waited, with a contempt of court writ, for MacPhail to repeat his remarks, but waited in vain. Neither was there any lawsuit against the judge.

Club owners used to curry favor with the newspapers. MacPhail more or less treats the press as a menial. He makes no bones about using the club's "press courtesies" as a sword of Damocles to hang over the heads of baseball writers. More than one writer has been barred from traveling with the Dodgers for writing stuff that didn't please him. In such cases, he usually charges that the writer has published distorted or downright mendacious reports about the club's activities, whereas the writer insists that all he did was to publish facts that weren't exactly laudatory. And writers are made welcome at the Dodgers' elaborate press club in direct ratio to the number of superlatives they use in praising the Dodgers. Whatever else may be said about this MacPhail system of handling the press, it seems to get MacPhail results. His Dodgers get more favorable publicity than any other ball club.

Before MacPhail's time, it was considered unforgivable for a baseball man to go over the head of a writer who happened to displease him. MacPhail not only excoriates such writers in letters to their editors but often issues communiqués to the press contradicting a story that has appeared in one paper and denouncing the writer of it by name. He frequently calls press conferences at which he singles out a writer for castigation. After dive-bombing this poor wretch, he will suddenly switch on the charm and, in the most disarming manner imaginable, turn to the hapless creature and say: "Nothing personal in any of this, Joe!" Several times he has invaded the press box to tongue-lash a writer who has displeased him. However, MacPhail is the best source of copy in baseball, besides being generous and forgiving, so that, in the long run, even if he makes a liar out of a writer on one story, he is just as likely as not to give the lad an exclusive that will heal the wounds the next day.

ONE of the secrets of his success is the loyalty of the organization he has assembled. Not one of its members but knows the humiliation of a public bawling-out from him. But, right or wrong, they are with MacPhail 100 per cent.

Although he shouts from the housetops of Brooklyn the battle cry: "Boost Brooklyn and patronize home industries!" he lives in Manhattan and brought his organization, almost intact, with him from Cincinnati. He even imported his own radio announcer, Red Barber, who dishes out the highly colored home-town stuff that pleases the local fans just as much as it irritates adherents of the visiting teams. MacPhail offers no apologies. If it angers out-of-town fans, so much the better for the Dodgers; fans on the road will turn out to see a team they hate.

He was the first baseball man to urge that the club owners do something substantial to help the nation's war effort. Other magnates, feeling that he was jumping the gun to steal a bow for something they planned to do anyway, hated MacPhail all the more for his sound, patriotic speech at the Baseball Writers' annual dinner in New York. But they eventually got around to adopting his plan. He told baseball men it was their duty not to interfere with any player who wanted to go into the services or was about to be drafted. It was only at the ballplayer's own request that he wrote a seven-page letter to the chairman of the Brooklyn Heights local draft board, appealing from the reclassification of Pete Reiser, his star batsman, who had been moved up into Class 1-A.

If a sports writer proves stubborn, the Mouth—as Larry is known behind his back—takes to calling up the offender at all hours of the night. After he had grown tired of phoning one such victim at half-hour intervals one night last summer, he went to a telegraph office and left an order that the victim be awakened at half-hour intervals during the rest of the night by a soprano singing, off key, the Happy Birthday to You song. On the morning after such a night before, MacPhail will deny everything.

ALTHOUGH he is forever figuring in goofy episodes himself, he issued an order at the start of the current season forbidding members of his club to cut capers before the camera. The Dodgers had become national pets because of the legend that they were a lovable bunch of wacks; yet he decreed that, since they are the champions of the National League, "dem bums" must conduct themselves with the same dignity as the Yankees—dignity which he had often sneered at as "lack of color."

For some reason, he decided that Dixie Walker wasn't a big-league ballplayer two seasons ago. Several times he has been on the verge of selling Walker or sending him to the minors. In between times Dixie has managed to become the most popular ballplayer on the club, as well as one of the most valuable. Yet MacPhail remains stubborn. One of his recent utterances on the subject was: "If I thought Durocher was using Walker just because the fans want him in there, I'd fire him." Slightly at variance with that was his more recent statement: "I never interfere with Durocher in his handling of the ball club or criticize him for any move with which I don't agree."

From whatever angle a critic views the Leland Stanford (Call Me Larry) MacPhail, he can find more faults with him than a slacker does with army life. But it all adds up to what Sam Breadon, Larry's first baseball boss, told the other magnates: "You can't hate a guy who not only converts his own ball club from a debt-ridden liability into a gold mine in a few years but helps every one he does business with in the process."

And so it is that Larry can afford to remain his "screwball" self until he stops bringing in those all-powerful shekels for his employers—and for some of his critics.

THE END

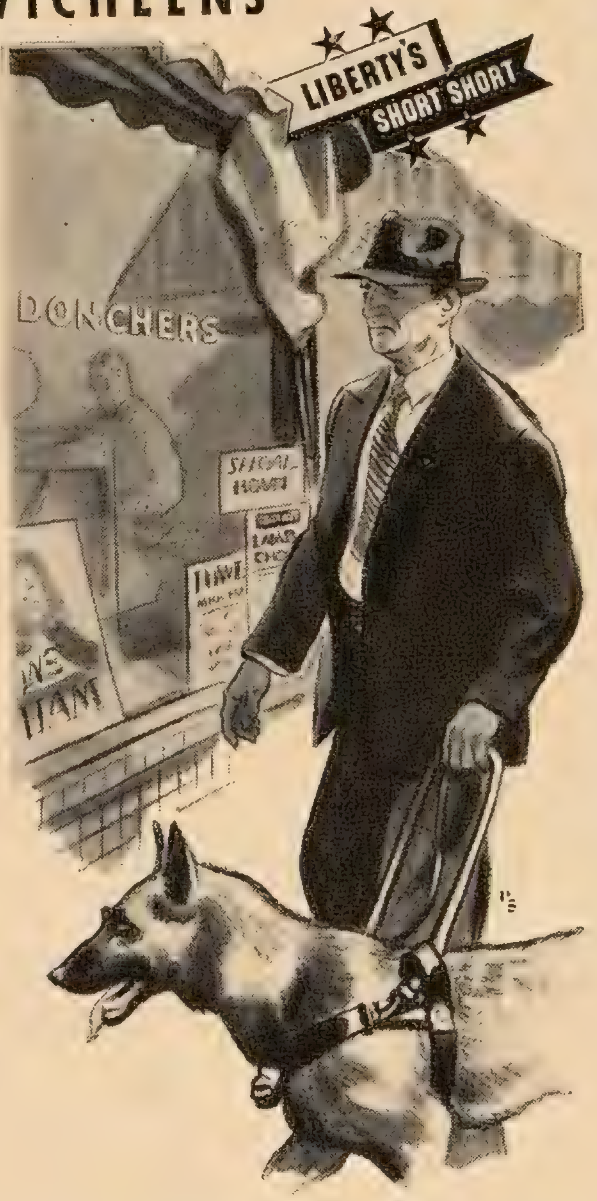
Dodgers' (and Larry's) manager Leo Durocher.

Red Barber, Brooklyn-boosting radio announcer.

MEANEST MAN

BY LEE WICHELNS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 3 SECONDS



MR. MAJOR talked snippy and chased boys off his lawn. They said he didn't even like dogs, and a man who hates dogs is pretty low. Mr. Lycom, the minister, said he had been that way only since his wife died; but nothing can excuse a man like that.

I used to see him going all about the town, shopping in Doncher's market, crossing the street, doing practically everything any other man might do. That was funny, because here was a man who had hated dogs and now he was being led around by one. A Seeing Eye dog. And for five years!

You see, Mr. Major had lost his sight a couple of years after his wife died. He had money, and right away he went to Morristown, and after a while he came back with this dog and a special harness for her, with a handle to hold on to. The dog's name was Jenny. She wouldn't pay attention to other dogs or to any one but Mr. Major. She held back and waited until the traffic lights turned green before she would let him cross. She even made sure he didn't bump his head on awnings and things. Jenny was a wonderful dog.

I used to think it was a shame that a mean man like Mr. Major had such a fine dog. You could tell that, mean as he was, Jenny loved him. Dogs are like that. Every once in a while, as they walked, Mr. Major would say something to the dog. I got close this day and listened.

"What a good girl you are, Jenny," he said, very low. Jenny looked up at him—you know, the way dogs do. "I don't know what I'd do without you. We'll get a big bone for you in Doncher's today," he said.

That's the way he talked, and I began to think maybe he wasn't as mean as I had thought. Of course, he was dependent on Jenny. After all, he had had her for five years or more. That might have changed him. I soon learned different. No man who hates dogs, I said, can ever be any good.

It all started when Mr. Major gave me a letter to post. I read the address. Not curious, you know, but a boy likes to know what's going on. It was addressed to the Polyclinic Hospital in New York, and to a Doctor Somebody —I forget.

Anyway, an answer must have come, because Mr. Major and Jenny went away to New York, and the story was that some great doctor had discovered a way to cure eyes like Mr. Major's.

And sure enough, when they came back a couple of months later, Mr. Major could see. At first he went around without Jenny, to a lot of different places he hadn't been to. Sometimes, when he was just going around the town, you'd see Jenny walking by his side without the harness.

Jenny was getting old, I guess. You could see it. She got awful thin and peaked. Mr. Major took her to the vet—old Doc Peters. But she didn't get better, and I heard Mr. Major tell my dad that she didn't seem to care about walking any more but that she had to take walks. So after a while he took her for walks just around town and to the stores, just as he did before. He put the harness on and held the handle to keep hold of her and make sure she went for a walk, I guess. The walks did Jenny good, and she got better so quick that every one was surprised.

It was funny to see a man who, as my dad said, could see a dime a mile away as if it was a barn door, going around with a Seeing Eye dog. At first, that is. Later it wasn't funny.

Larry Masters, the engineer on the Pennsy, had an accident—a steampipe blew out or something. Anyway, he got blind and couldn't work; but he had a pension, so he was all right. Except, of course, he couldn't get around.

Right away every one thought of Jenny. She was a Seeing Eye dog, and there was a real blind man in town for her to take care of.

Eric Leigh, our town manager, and a committee went to see Mr. Major.

"We think you should be public-spirited enough to let Larry have the dog," Eric Leigh told him.

"I shall not," Mr. Major said.

Jenny looked up at his face whenever he spoke. She sat right at his feet all the time.

"But Larry's blind, and you know how the dog helped you. He has no money and he won't take charity."

"He isn't getting Jenny; that's all, gentlemen," Mr. Major announced very firmly.

"Why don't you tell the truth, Johnny?" my dad asked him. My dad and Mr. Major were good friends—I guess my dad was the only real friend he had.

"I'd rather be called a fool than a sucker, Jim," Mr. Major said. I didn't understand.

But that night he asked me to mail a letter for him, and I did, and it was to the Seeing Eye in Morristown, New Jersey.

A few days later Larry Masters had a letter from there, and it said there was a fund to supply dogs to blind people who couldn't buy one, and there was one for him, and would he come and get it and be trained. Because, it said, the person going to use the dog had to be educated in how to behave, as well as the dog.

Everybody went around saying how there were still some good people in the world, even if there was such a mean man as Mr. Major.

I wasn't so sure about Mr. Major. I kept thinking about things. So I followed Mr. Major and Jenny down the street one day.

They went into Doncher's and bought meat and some liver for Jenny. Mr. Major kept holding the harness. He didn't let it go even in the store. Whenever he spoke, Jenny would look up. They crossed the street to the post office.

When they got to the other side of the street, there was Doc Peters, and Mr. Major went up to him and talked. Jenny sat down, and Mr. Major let go of the harness and moved to the opposite side of one of those big mailboxes. When he spoke, Jenny looked up at his face; but the box was between them, and I felt like crying because Jenny didn't even know the box was there.

Mr. Major was saying, "But, Doc, there *must* be something you can do. Are you sure . . .?"

Doc Peters shook his head and said to Mr. Major, the meanest man in the world, "As sure as God made little apples, Johnny, there ain't anything I can do, nor anybody else. As I been telling you for the last six months, that dog's stone-blind."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

STEPS OF YOUR OWN

The story of a town that was dead and a man who was torn between a shining dream and a woman's love

BY CLIFFORD DOWDEY

ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH WARD

READING TIME ● 33 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IF Mary Lou Braxton had had her way, Hoky Armistead would have left Hillboro long ago. But Hoky loved the town. You could see him most any afternoon downtown, his vast bulk lumbering along the Square in a rumpled white linen suit, as familiar to the scene as the bronze statue of his grandfather, who had founded the town. Mary Lou told him he might as well be the statue, for all the chance he had in Hillboro, but Hoky believed in the town.

As a mountain resort, it had been visited by the last guest in 1916, and looked it. The brown railroad station was boarded and weeds grew between the tracks of the spur line. Across the road from it, the grandeur that had been the Southern House was a sagging shuttered relic of the '90s, with billboards of ancient fairs plastered over the doorway through which had passed the great and the beautiful of their day. Next door, abutting the Square, the old carriage house was a ramshackle garage, and on the Square itself half the buildings were closed.

Above the whole town the Armistead mansion perched on the crest of the mountain. Where it had once stood as a citadel of Hillboro's glory, now the grayed and weather-beaten frame house peered through the brush of what had been its famed garden. There Hoky lived with his mother and two aunts, and, so deep was his belief in Hillboro that, in spite of everything, he made Mary Lou believe too. That is, she had once. Now that was suddenly changed.

She told Hoky on a soft night in April, when spring first warmed the mountain, and they sat in the shadows of her porch, looking down on the few twinkling lights of the town. The scent of new blossoms hung sweetly in the evening when she said, "Hoky, I'm leaving Hillboro. I'm going to the city."

"On a visit?" he drawled.

"No. For good. Daddy's closing up his newspaper at the end of the month and is taking a job in the city. And I am too, as a secretary."

"Why, you mustn't do anything like that, Mary Lou, just because your father's paper is doing a little poorly right now. All those new factories over there—"

"I want to do it. I want to be where new things are happening, where I can be a part of them. And don't tell me ladies don't work. That chapter closed when they closed the doors of the Southern House."

"That was in 1919," Hoky said. "We thought the war . . . I mean the World War . . . had kept away visitors, but then—"

"We!" she said scornfully. "You were three years old in 1919."

"Mary Lou, you've turned against us."

"I've turned against decaying here with the rest of you."

"You never did rightly believe in the future of Hillboro."

"Nor of the horse and buggy either."

"They might come back, with the tire shortage."

"Well, I won't wait and see. I'm not going to live out my life as a tombstone."

"Mary Lou . . . we can't get married if you go away."

She made a bitter sound that sounded like a laugh.

"Gee," Hoky said, "you don't even believe in me!"

"Honey"—she was very serious, and she placed her hand on his, like a rose petal on a boxing glove—"I've believed in you since I first saw you, hurrying along on your two barrel kegs, but you can't flag trains where they don't run them."

"Maybe they will again. Only yesterday I thought of a new plan—"

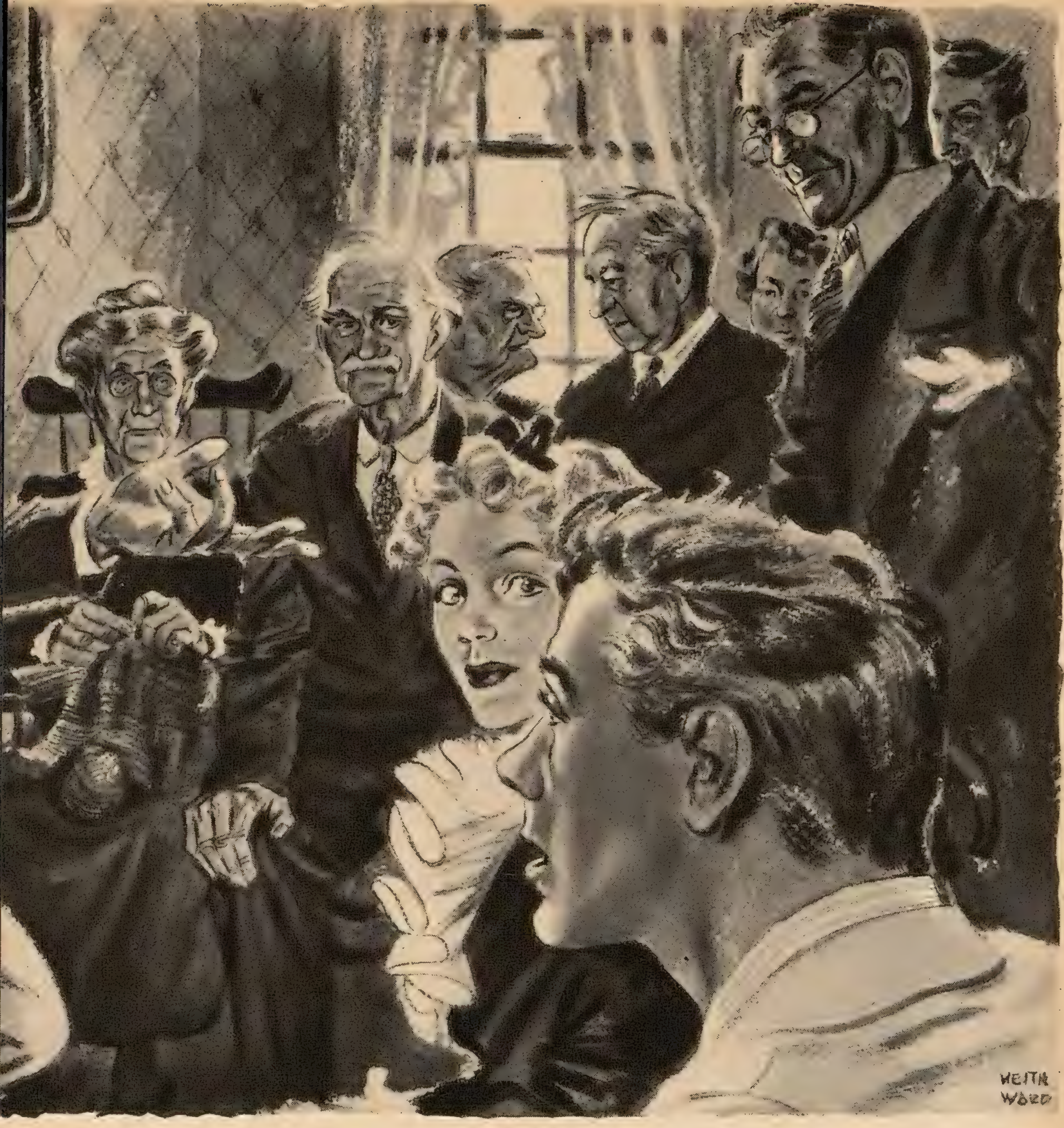
Mary Lou arose abruptly. The swing creaked. She stood beside the porch rail and the moonlight shone on her hair. "Hoky, a girl can't live on maybes. You've never earned enough for us to get married. That is the life I've waited for. But I'm nearly twenty now and I—I can't wait any longer. I've got to make a life of my own."

Hoky settled back in the swing and it creaked louder. "Mary Lou, I admit I'm not very smart, but does this mean that you're telling me we won't ever get married?"

"You told me that, honey, a long time ago . . . when you told me you would never leave Hillboro."

Hoky brooded over that. "I reckon sometimes it does seem like we never will. You don't want to live at the house."

"You've got so many women up there dependent on you now that the draft board practically created a special class for you to keep you out of



Hoky said, "But won't that make the town a different sort of place?" Morton's smile was engaging. "Isn't that what you want?"

the army. With one more, the place would be like a poorhouse."

"It does look mighty poor, that's a fact. I worry about that too. Sometimes I wonder what my grandfather would say if he saw the way the place has gone down, and Hillboro too."

"He'd say it was time to move on to something new . . . just like he did after the war."

"Things were simpler then. He just came here where it was new and built a farm."

"Hokey," she said, almost in desperation, "they weren't simple for him. He'd been a great planter in eastern Virginia and never worked with his hands in his life before. He came out here defeated in the way he had been living. He had to change and conquer all over again, and first he had to conquer something in himself."

"Yeh, that's a fact. He was a great man all right."

"You can be as great as he was."

Hoky arose from the swing and bulked hugely in the shadows. "The truth of the matter is, I don't seem to figure things out like he did. He got other beaten men to come out here and make farms, so they could have a central market place, and then he advertised the place as a summer resort so that it became a prosperous town. I've been over every step of it a million times I reckon, and I just can't seem to figure out how to follow in his footsteps."

"Honey, why don't you make some steps of your own? Things are different from your grandfather's day. Everywhere everything is different, except in Hillboro. Here everybody waits for something to happen and nobody does anything about it."

Hoky raised a paw and stroked the side of his face. "You never talked like that before."

"I was never going away before, but daddy has been saying that for years—only he hoped some young man would do something."

Hoky slapped his hand down on his thigh. "I will do something. You tell your father that. Hillboro is not dead."

"Honey," she said, and her voice grew very soft, "you love the place so deeply you don't see what's it done to you. Telling daddy you're going to do something wouldn't change him. He knows there isn't anything to do."

"Oh, he does? Well, I'll show him different. You can't leave Hillboro. Think of the little cottage above the courthouse we're going to have some day."

"What day?" she asked, suddenly hard.

"What day?" He puzzled for a moment. "Oh, I see. I'll tell him that too, tomorrow."

He went lunging down the path from her house to the road and he walked so fast that he was loping when he reached the Square. All the lights were out now except in the Broadway Café. Hillboro's nighthawks slumped over the white counter, slowly sipping soft drinks. Matthew, the owner, was dozing over the county Argus, the weekly published by Mary Lou's father. Matthew started awake when Hoky lumbered in, breathing hard.

"What's your hurry, Hoky?"

"Things have come to a pretty pass," he said ominously. "Asa Braxton is closing the Argus and going to the city."

Henry, the garageman, sighed. "There goes my last steady customer. With auto business the way it is, I'll have to close up too, I reckon."

Matthew said, "It'll hit me hard too. I don't reckon I can stay open past the summer."

Mr. McIlwaine, who ran the notions store, shook his head. "I fear, gentlemen, that's the knell of Hillboro."

"Knell nothing," Hoky boomed. "You-all just wait for something to happen, and nobody does anything. Don't you realize that everywhere everything is different, except in Hillboro?"

HENRY asked idly, "You been drinking?"

"You see! A man's suspected of drink even if he thinks of doing something new."

"Something eatin' on Hoky," Matthew said. He picked up the Argus. "What new could anybody do here?"

"Bring summer visitors back, that's what. You-all have heard many's the time that the auto killed these mountain places. Well, this summer there won't be so much auto travel, and people will have to spend their vacations near home, and some will come on trains and buses. Well, we're near the city, and there's a lot of money there now, with all these factories booming."

Matthew turned the page to the obituaries, and Mr. McIlwaine said, "I'm afraid the city's forgotten us, son."

"We'll recollect ourselves to them. Asa Braxton's got all the old advertisements in the files. We could make posters of them and plaster them all over the city. It's going to be mighty hot there this summer, and mighty cool here, and it's not far away—by auto, bus, or train."

"The train ain't running," Henry said.

"They'd run an accommodation train if we guaranteed the passengers. The tracks are all there and so is the station."

"It would look nice to see the station opened," Henry said.

Matthew put the paper down. "They'd be thirsty too, coming up from the city."

"Gentlemen," Mr. McIlwaine interposed, "don't count your chickens too soon. How will we get the posters?"

"I'll get Asa Braxton to make them," Hoky said. "He's got the paper and printing machine. I know he'd rather use them to get people here, than to close up and go to the city."

"Sure," they agreed. "Anybody would."

"I'll go along with you," Mr. McIlwaine said, "to point out to him, as an old friend, the disaster he would visit upon his birthplace by leaving."

AT ten o'clock the next morning, when Hoky, with Mr. McIlwaine, entered the small cluttered office of the county weekly, he was delighted to see Mary Lou waiting there for him. She wore a light blue spring coat, with the collar open below her throat, and with her yellow hair ruffled by the wind she never looked prettier. She greeted Mr. McIlwaine and whispered to Hoky, "I heard about it and I came to help you, if I could. . . . Daddy is so set against it."

Hoky beamed. "Now I know I can't lose. We'll have that cottage before summer's out."

Then Asa Braxton entered. He wore a gray alpaca coat over a black vest, and a high white collar under his sharp chin. He looked very forbidding, and Hoky remembered that the sour old boy had never cottoned much to him. But that was because he had not done anything new before. This was different and Hoky went confidently to work.

"Have you got the ads ready, Mr. Braxton?"

Asa Braxton reached under the counter and tossed some yellow columns down. "The ones with the finger pointing toward a tree are yours."

Hoky studied over the dimmed words: "Be cool this summer at healthy Hillboro. Mountain view; excellent table; fine drinking water." Hoky said slowly, "Maybe we'll have to make a few changes."

"A few," Braxton snorted. "The only view to be gotten from the Southern House is the weeds in the railroad tracks—as if a person could survive the rats and cockroaches in the house!"

"But," Hoky said, not quite so confidently, "the railroad will be fixed up by the owners, after the Southern House is fixed up."

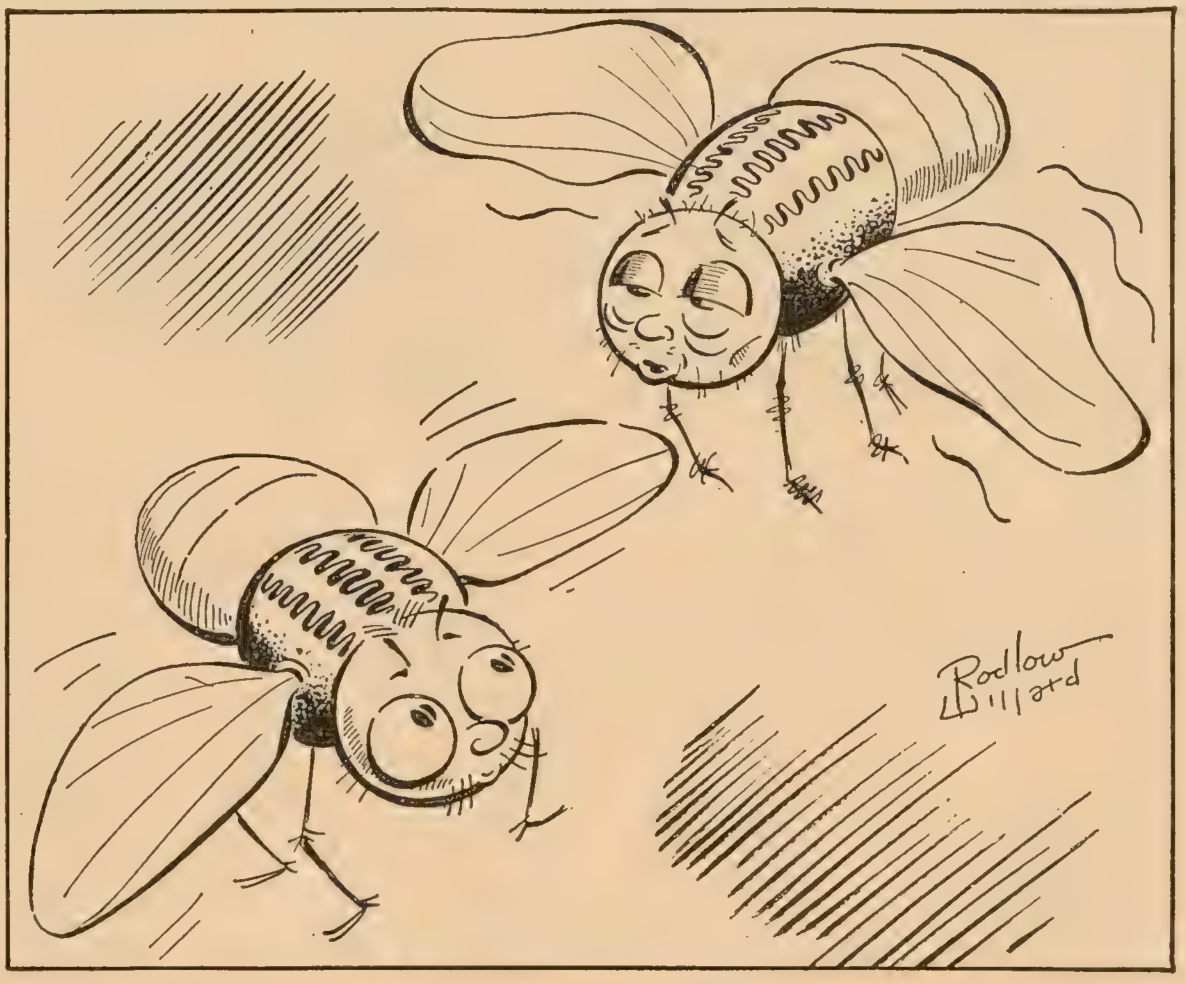
"I'd like to know who's going to fix up the Southern House. I'm one of the owners, and I certainly can't and won't."

"I know that, Mr. Braxton, but we'll get financial backers to take over the house. That's the way things are done these days."

"As you are so aware of current financial operations, perhaps you can tell me who would buy a hotel which hasn't had a guest in over twenty years."

Hoky grew surer again. "That's my job, to show them that the hotel will have guests. First, we'll get some guests from the city through the

BY RODLOW WILLARD



"I fell in a cup of coffee yesterday—and I couldn't sleep a wink last night!"

posters. Then we'll write the old guests, who can't go far from home this summer. You brought the old register?"

"Right here."

Mary Lou came on one side of him and Mr. McIlwaine on the other, as Hoky read the names in faded ink in Spencerian flourish. Mr. McIlwaine brightened. "Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Parke-Hammill always loved Hillboro. I could write them personally."

"Mr. and Mrs. Parke-Hammill went down on the Titanic."

There was a silence during which the names blurred before Hoky. Mary Lou seemed to move farther from him. Hoky desperately fixed his gaze. "Well, I remember Colonel Travers and his wife. They came here once after the hotel was closed."

"Colonel Travers lives in an old soldiers' home in Montana, where the summers are even cooler than ours. Don't you see this is nonsense? That book is a record of the past. So is this town. So are you, Hoky Armistead." Braxton looked accusingly at his daughter. "I might've known better."

Mary Lou wouldn't look at Hoky. He said, "Well, will you print the posters anyway, Mr. Braxton?"

"Certainly not. I can still sell my paper and I have no further time to waste."

Hoky gave a glance of appeal to Mr. McIlwaine, but the tidy little man had no intention of trying persuasion on the publisher. Then Hoky looked at Mary Lou. Strangely, every hair seemed in place and she looked sleek and removed . . . already journeying to the city.

Hoky turned away. Outside, the climbing sun was bright and warm, and he paused to adjust his eyes to the glare. Mr. McIlwaine moved silently beside him.

"WELL, Hoky, I've got to be getting on to the city today. I'm trying to sell some of my notions back to the wholesaler. He only offers me ten cents for my china dogs and I paid a dollar each in 1910."

Hoky studied his timorous ally. "Sit here," he said. "You failed me in there, but there's one thing you can do. When you're in the city, see all the wholesalers, and tell them our plan for refurbishing the Southern House. Maybe somebody will want to buy it up."

"Without the guest book or the posters, I don't know . . ."

"It won't hurt you to let it be known anyway. If visitors did come, you could sell the china dogs without so much loss."

"That's true. Well, I'll tell them." He hurried off.

A quiet voice said behind him, "Aren't you ashamed to get poor old Mr. McIlwaine to run on those foolish errands?"

Hoky whirled around to face Mary Lou. Standing in the doorway, she was almost eye-level with him and her eyes were very cool. Hoky blurted, "I declare, the way you-all act, anybody would think I was trying to fob off some scheme to cheat you, instead of help you."

"I think you're cheating yourself when you try to find a buyer for an old hotel whose only asset is a guest book like a valentine."

"All right. I've admitted I'm no mental fire engine, but I'm not going to stop trying. The man at the draft board said everybody should serve where he can do the most good. Well, with me it's a lot more than supporting all the women in my family. It's to make this town come to life again—not just to make money out of it, but to make Hillboro do the most good. While you, all you can think of is running away. Well, you wait and see—"

"I've waited for years. Tomorrow morning I'm taking the bus to the city, to look for a place for daddy and me to live." She spun back inside with a whirl of her skirts.

HOKY strode heavily along in the Square. At the courthouse he kept going. He studied every house, every barn, every piece of land within a five-mile radius of the town, looking for something that could be used. He kept it up all day and the next, and the next. He abandoned his many jobs—selling insurance and real estate, automobiles and central-heating stoves—and at night he joined the nighthawks in Matthew's Broadway Café and told them of his findings.

They were apathetic. Mr. McIlwaine's account of his efforts in the city had been discouraging. Hoky had found places for tennis courts, lawn parties, and riding trails. Finally he found the place for a swimming pool.

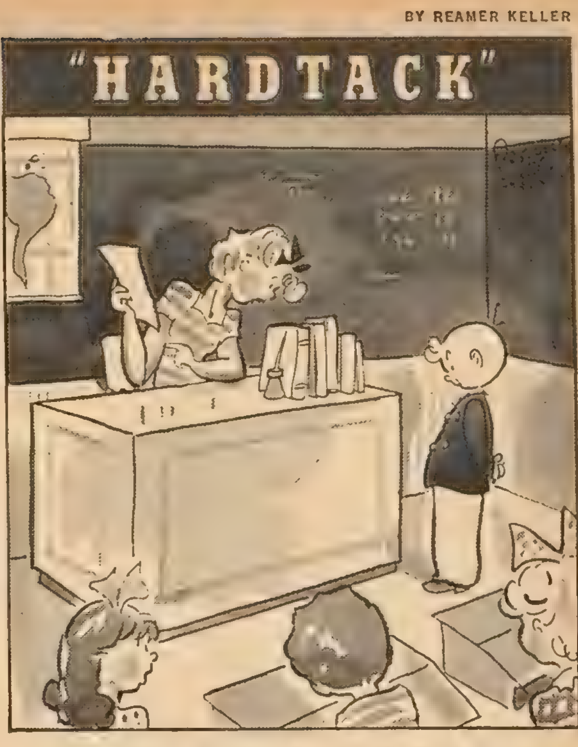
"Just at the bridge," he said. "We can dam the creek there, widen the old hole, clear out the brush on either bank, and it will be a wonderful place. We could put striped umbrellas there, like in the motion pictures. Why, man, with all those added attractions, the Southern House would be like—like a beach hotel in Florida!"

Matthew picked up the worn copy of the Argus. "You know, the more Hoky talks, the more I'm convinced we're licked. I'm go' have to close up after this summer."

Several others began to moan, and Hoky stood up, slamming his pop bottle on the counter. "I've always heard that a prophet is not without honor except in his own country, and it sure is true."

He stormed out.

The next morning he had hardly finished breakfast with his mother and aunts and a visiting cousin, when he was startled to hear a familiar horn tooting outside. He bolted from the room, shaking off his depression as he ran as he used to, in the happy days, toward the neat 1938 roadster, which Mary Lou kept as shining as a window model. She jumped out as she saw him and came to meet him in the garden. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement and her eyes were glowing as, Hoky realized, he had not seen them in a long time.



"Hereafter, Hardtack, don't have your father do your homework—wife is not spelled c-r-a-n-k!"

"Honey!" She took hold of his hand and hers were shaking. "A man is here from the city! He's trying to buy up property on the mountain, and I think he wants to make Hillboro a—a new town, a boom town!"

"What?" He shook loose, grabbed her arms. "How—how do you know?"

"I came over on the bus with him last night and he was talking along, asking very casual questions, not knowing who I was, except that I lived here. Then this morning daddy phoned me and said the man—his name is Morton—is putting an ad in the paper to buy property on the mountain. He is just advertising for *one* place, but, from the way he talked to me, I know he wants everything. And turn me loose! I want to live to enjoy this boom."

Hoky stepped back, gaping at her. "Where is this Morton?"

"He's at Mrs. Lassiter's boardinghouse. But you ought to see all the men before the paper comes out, to decide how to talk to him, and sort of feel him out."

"We'll feel him out. Come on!"

THE car roared down the mountain road and hit the sleeping Square with a series of ear-splitting honks, finally skidding to a spectacular halt outside Matthew's Broadway Café. Within five minutes Henry and Mr. McIlwaine and the half dozen apathetic converts to Hoky's scheme had all rushed breathlessly in. Hoky told them Mary Lou's story.

"Now," he said, "when the paper is out, we'll go to see this Morton one by one, all innocent. But we know he wants to buy the mountaintop, so don't bid off against each other and try to be anxious to sell *your* place. All will be sold."

"Nevertheless," Mr. McIlwaine said, "I'll go first. It was my talking in the city that brought him here."

"But Hoky had the idee," Matthew said. "He is a prophet with honor in his own country. We'll do what he says."

"Yeh," the others joined in.

BY LUNDBERG
LUNDBERG

"Can't you remember where you are and stop ordering me around?"

"Well," Hoky turned magnanimously to Mr. McIlwaine, "you may go first, but remember, this is for the whole town."

"That's right," the others chimed in, and they all fell to plotting prices that should be asked and how slick they would be with the city fellow. When the Argus came, they pored over the ad, muttering to themselves and to each other. Nervousness seized them. Mr. McIlwaine wilted.

They propped him up and half carried him to the old car which Henry used for a taxi. It sputtered and shuddered away from the curb, with Mr. McIlwaine jerking in the seat and trying daintily to wipe away the sudden burst of sweat on his face. The rest of them trooped back into the café and waited. Nobody talked much. Under the counter, Hoky held Mary Lou's hand, but he was shaky too.

"It seems too good to be true," he whispered.

"You deserve it, for your dreams." And she looked at him with the fullness of love shining in her eyes.

HOKY felt a little steadier. They had all quieted down somewhat by the time Mr. McIlwaine returned. He strutted in, beaming with smugness.

"Well, gentlemen, I've done it! We don't need to run up and down like a stream of ants. I told Morton we were—how did he say?—hep to his scheme, and we were willing to sell. He admitted it cheerfully—he does want the whole mountaintop."

"But you let the cat out of the bag," Hoky said. "Now he'll buy at his own price, knowing we're throwing the town in his lap."

"I fancy I'm not without knowledge of handling men of business. Did I not promote the scheme in the city? Well, I concluded it here, and to our mutual advantages. We have only to see him and discuss the details."

Matthew and Henry yipped together: "Then it's a deal! Mr. McIlwaine's right. The important thing is to get new money."

"That's right," the others joined in.

Mary Lou patted Hoky. "Sure," she whispered. "Getting it done is what counts. Let's pick up daddy. He can talk to business men."

Most of the others piled into Henry's taxi, but Mr. McIlwaine went along with Hoky and Mary Lou to get Asa Braxton. He gave Hoky an ill-favored glance and said, "Mr. McIlwaine was right. We're in no position to bargain."

"All right," Hoky agreed. "If everybody's happy, that's what I want."

Asa Braxton sniffed, Mr. McIlwaine beamed again, and Mary Lou silently drove to the Widow Lassiter's boardinghouse. The others had arrived first and were clustered in the parlor around a young man. He wore a neat gray suit and he had bright blue eyes and a very genial smile. Mr. McIlwaine introduced them all, Hoky last. The bright blue eyes steadied pleasantly on Hoky.

Morton said, "Now, do you gentlemen represent all the owners of property on the mountain?" After they nodded, he went on: "Then I'll tell you our general plan. We want to build cabins all over the mountaintop and make it a poor man's paradise. With these new defense factories in the city, the workers are going to have a lot of money to spend and, as hot as it gets down there in the valley, they'll want to spend it where it's cool. Well, you're only fifty miles away, right up the mountain, and it's a natural. Most of the workers will have two weeks' vacation to spend here, and we can run buses over on Saturday for a week-end trade."

Hoky grinned slowly. "Gee, that's wonderful!" He turned to the others and met their satisfied nods. "We'll really be doing something, helping them get away from the heat for a nice rest."

"That's right. Now, as long as you're all in agreement and want to sell, suppose we start with you, Mr. Armistead, as your land is in the center and the whole thing will be built around it."

Hoky nodded.

"Yours," Morton said, "is the only house we'll need. It's big and central and can be used as an administration building, with downstairs as a dance hall."

"Dance hall?"

"Sure. And on your back lawn we'll make a riding ring, where you all can rent your old horses. We'll dress the attendants like jockeys, fix up a tricky imitation mutuel window, and have bets on the riders—who're riding at a quarter a crack. One of you can have that concession."

"I don't think betting's legal in this state."

Morton gave a knowing smile. "Don't you worry about that. This is going to be a wide-open boom town—gambling, girls, beer joints from one end of the Square to the other. And that Square is going to be lit up like Broadway—Broadway of the South."

Hoky glanced at the other men. They were nodding as they pictured the new life. Hoky shifted uneasily. "But won't all that make the town a different sort of place?"

MORTON'S smile was very engaging. "Isn't that what you want?"

"Well, not too different. I thought it would be improved along the lines of what it is . . . like fixing up the Southern House and . . ."

"Strictly 1902, Mr. Armistead. That place belongs back in the days of the horse-drawn omnibus. This is going to be for people who take their pleasures first and comforts later. They won't bring money to Hillboro, you know, by sitting around hotel rooms. These cabins I'm going to build will be somewhere to sleep and park their baggage, but the attractions will be where they can spend this new money they're making. Get it?"

Hoky wished some one else would say something so he could study this out, but no one did. He said, "I reckon I don't exactly get it. I thought you wanted to help these workers. I know that we should have amusements to entertain people—and we can have horseback riding and swimming and bowling and dancing—but I think we ought to give them a nice rest too, where it's quiet and comfortable, and whole families can come and bring their children. I mean, they should have all the fun here they want, but it should be good for them too."

The other men stirred restlessly, and Morton, glancing quickly toward them and back to Hoky, dropped his pleasant smile. "Mr. Armistead, I thought *you* wanted to bring prosperity to Hillboro."

"I do, but, gee, turning the Square into a carnival and making the whole town a honkytonk won't give us any real prosperity. We'll make a lot of quick money, but I think it'll ruin everything we really have and—and—"

Asa Braxton, stepping forward, cut in coldly, "This young man does not control Hillboro, Mr. Morton. We like your proposition, with some reservations which, I'm sure, we can settle upon."

"Unfortunately, he controls a vital part of it for our purposes. His land is the geographical center of the mountaintop, dividing all the rest, and his house is the only one conveniently located and suited to our needs."

"Well," Asa Braxton whirled on Hoky, "he'll certainly sell the house."

HOKY didn't say anything. He glanced at the others. They were waiting on him, with sudden hostile apprehension in their gazes. He tried to look at Mary Lou, but Braxton moved directly in front of him. "Well, won't you?"

Hoky had to face it. "I—I don't reckon I will."

"Hoky," Mary Lou said desperately, "do you know what you're saying?"

"Yes," he answered in growing conviction. "I don't believe in this."

The whole pack clamored at him, and their angry shocked words beat at him so he could no longer think. In the turmoil, Morton said, "Gentlemen, I was hardly prepared for this, and I can't waste any more time. I'll be getting on to Springville, which is not so cool, being lower on the mountain, but it is nearer the city and—"

"Just a minute," Braxton said. "We'll find a way to prevent his obstructing us, if we have to run him out of town. Let me phone you in the city tomorrow."

"I'll wait until tomorrow, then, before closing with Springville."

As Asa Braxton went out with Morton, Mary Lou hurried to Hoky's side. She looked up at him in helpless appeal. "Honey, I don't know if his plan is right altogether, but have you the right to set yourself up against the whole town? After all, this is the only way I can stay in Hillboro and we—we could have that little white cottage."

Looking at the love bared in her eyes, Hoky had to look away. He made himself speak: "Mary Lou, I don't think we'd be happy if we ruined our town and cheated people who are in war work. I think we should give them something fine and real, and keep what we have here too."

"Nineteen hundred and two." Mr.

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"WHO—ME?"

Not right now, sonny. But you just wait! This whole great country is going to be needing you. Say about 15 years from now, when you've acquired a little algebra, and a best girl, and 100-odd more pounds of bone and muscle.

"What'll it need ME for then?"

For lots of things. For jobs a great deal different and better than today's. You like airplanes, don't you?

"Airplanes? You bet!"

Well, we'll need you to fly them. Better planes than any we have now, flying higher and faster. They'll be safer, and the whole world will be safer, too, when you take to the air. We're determined on that, and we're doing everything in our power to make sure of it. What else do you like to do?

"Well, we're buildin' a clubhouse..."

Building! Just the thing! We're going to want your help with a lot of building. Houses, and the things that go into houses. Things like air conditioning, and better heating and lighting, and refrigerators. I tell you, you're going to be busy!

"Bu—but I like to PLAY!"

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Yes, sonny, we're all going to need you. And we're all of us—fathers and mothers, soldiers, men and women of American industry—working and fighting right now to make sure that this world of the future will be a better world. A world in which a young man like you can find the fullest opportunities to work and build and play. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

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McIlwaine spoke for the first time.

Hoky stared at him. "Maybe that's the way it should be. Horse and buggy, that's what we've got to offer. Quiet and charm, like the good old days."

"With the rats in the Southern House, I suppose," Braxton snapped, as he came back into the room. "Now listen to me, young man. Morton has made us a practical offer, and we have no more time for your dreams."

"That's right," others agreed. "You're just standing in our way now."

Hoky looked at their hostile faces and met every gaze hard against him. He turned to Mary Lou. She seemed hopelessly bewildered. "Hoky," she said, "don't you see this is just another dream of yours, like the Southern House? As Morton told you, that belongs with the horse-drawn omnibus. This is the time to be practical. This is our chance. I don't like all the things he wants to do here, but we can work that out with him later. But now, before he settles at Springville, you must tell us that you'll sell your house."

Hoky heaved a long sigh. "I can't do it."

The pack started its clamoring at him again. "Wait a minute," Asa Braxton said. "We're wasting time talking to him. We'd better plan some way to force him to sell, if he persists in standing in our way. But first, young man, you go home and talk to your mother and aunts, and think over the real ruin you'll bring on us all with these notions of yours about some imagined ruin."

Hoky raised his head and looked at them all, meeting only hostile unyielding gazes. He turned for the last time to Mary Lou, trying to reach through to her love and understanding. She met his gaze, but a shadow lay between them. He turned and went out alone.

He felt a loneliness such as he had never known as he tramped up the mountainside toward his own house. He climbed his sagging fence and moved through the weeds and bedraggled shrubs. Near the house he paused, where tangled vines growing from an old flower bed sprawled along the wide and comfortable porch. This expressed all of Hillboro: the things built by their grandfathers going back to seed, while they waited for the old good times somehow to return. Now they were willing to sell out everything they had inherited to this Morton rather than make an effort of their own.

Hoky slowly climbed the steps, pausing again at the top to look over the whole mountainside and the quiet little village below. From this distance he could not see the need of paint on the houses, nor the weeds in the other lawns, and suddenly he knew this was beautiful. If any one could see it as he did now, it would be inspiring and restful, something rare that money could not buy. *If any one could see it as he did now . . .*

He turned and charged into the house, thundering up the steps to his room. His alarmed mother and two aunts fluttered after him. He waved them away. "I've got it!" he boomed. "Horse and buggy! Horse-drawn omnibus! Nineteen hundred and two! Yee-ow!"

The ladies tiptoed out and closed the door. They did not venture up again until after supper, to announce to Hoky that some gentlemen were waiting for him on the porch. Hoky gathered up dozens of sheets of paper he had been figuring on and lumbered downstairs. Some of the spring had gone from his body after his afternoon session with figures, but his excitement was even higher when he joined the four men on the porch.

Henry and Matthew and Mr. McIlwaine flanked Asa Braxton, and Hoky laughed at their dour faces. Braxton scowled.

"You'll find this is no laughing matter, young man, unless you have reached our decision."

"Decision! Man, I've got a vision. Turn around and look down on the mountain now."

THEY gave a brief reluctant glance. "I see the same as I always did," said Braxton.

"Exactly, so do we all. But I saw it today as others can see it, as beautiful as it used to be and with all the pleasures of today. We can make it that way ourselves by summer, and it will be ours, to share with the war workers and—"

"This morning he talked dreams and now he sees visions. Listen—"

"Visions or dreams, call them what you want, that's what brought our grandfathers to this wilderness, and they made their dream work. We loafed on it; but we can make ours work too. Are you prepared to say they were better men than we are?"

Braxton sneered, "Apparently more practical." But the others didn't look at Hoky.

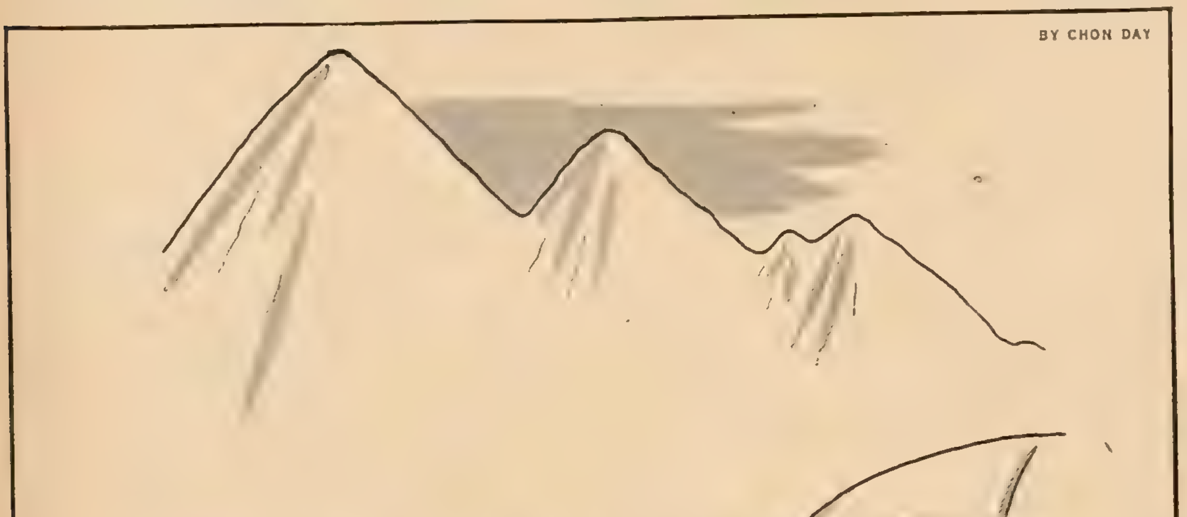
"Not at all. I've worked out every detail for every one of us. In these days, people working hard down in the heat really need their vacations to be restful and comfortable, something to refresh them, something mellow to take them away from all the strain they're under. They would get that from the old-fashioned, if we made it attractive. We can start with our lawns and gardens. If we work together, we could clear off a place a week. We can whitewash the fences and give a couple of coats of paint to the houses." Hoky paused.

One of the men picked up his theme. "Yes, from our own stores, we can use old things we now can't sell, and we can get chintz and calico and the like to brighten the houses."

"Right," went on Hoky. "Then, every house will be a guest house . . . but it will be a house where the people have light and air and something solid. I've already worked out how we can build a nice swimming pool and all the other things, and we can fix up the Southern House and have dances there, with old songs."

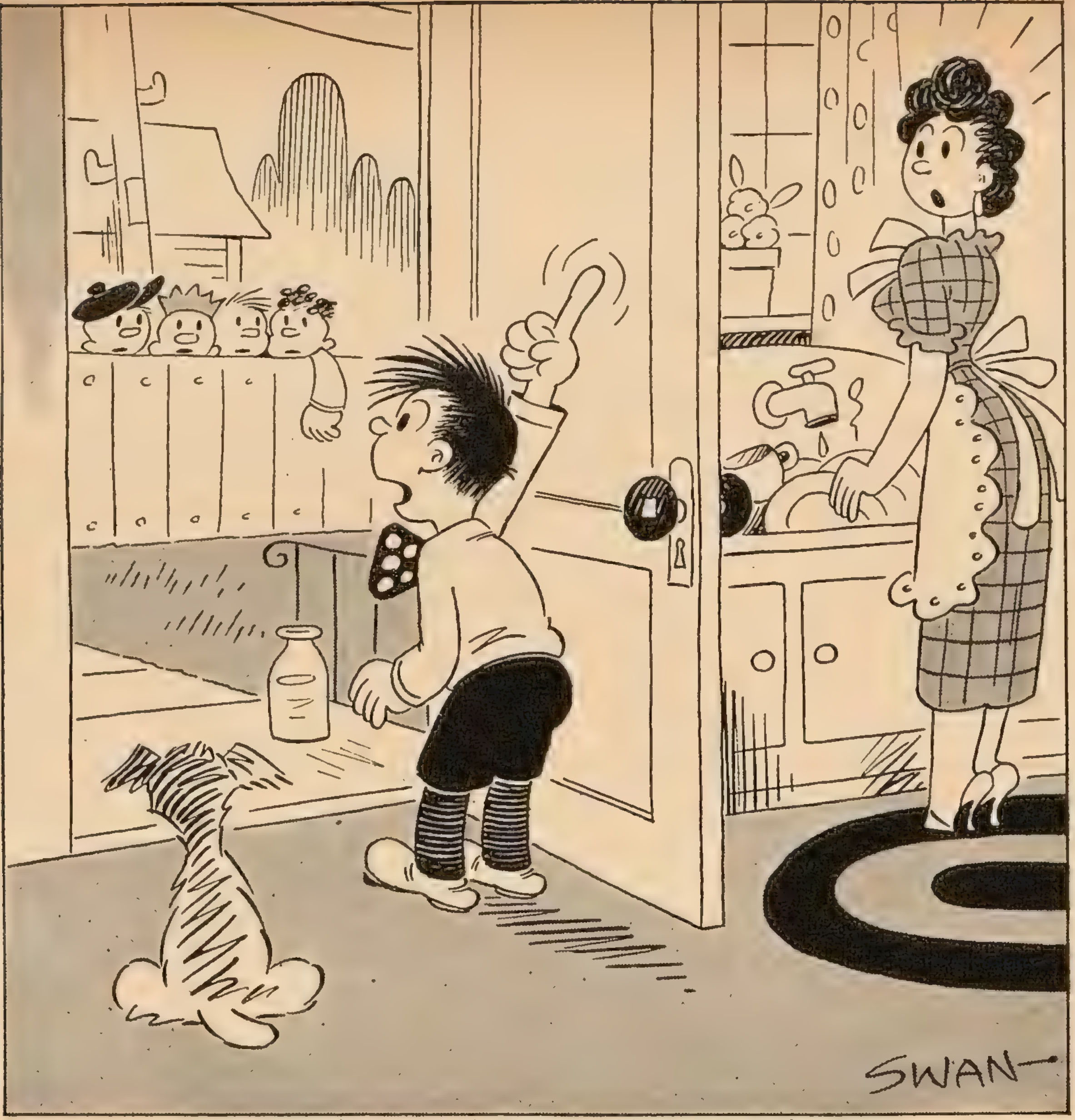
Braxton interrupted: "You mean we'll be dancing to our old songs while the crowds at Springville are dancing to juke boxes?"

"We can have juke boxes too. We can make a fine place at Matthew's. But we'll have homes for families to come to while Springville has an



"They're rationing sugar in the States. What the hell is sugar?"

BY SWAN



"I can't come out now, fellas. I gotta go up to the attic and pound the bags so the sugar won't get hard."

amusement park. We'll advertise that way in the city. We'll take out the old horse omnibus and paint posters on it. 'Spend this vacation in the good old days. Come to happy Hillboro, the horse-and-buggy town.'"

"Let's be going, gentlemen." Braxton turned away.

Hoky turned to the others. "Can't you men feel anything on this mountain besides the chance to bleed it for money? Doesn't all it stands for mean anything to you?"

One or two began to speak but, stricken with the leisurely thinking habits of years, they hesitated, then turned and followed Asa Braxton. Hoky stood there until they were lost in the night. Then the strength went out of him. Would any of them think further, go with him? Several seemed to understand but couldn't outtalk Braxton. He moved slowly back into the house, remembering that Mary Lou had said he had no right to set himself up against them.

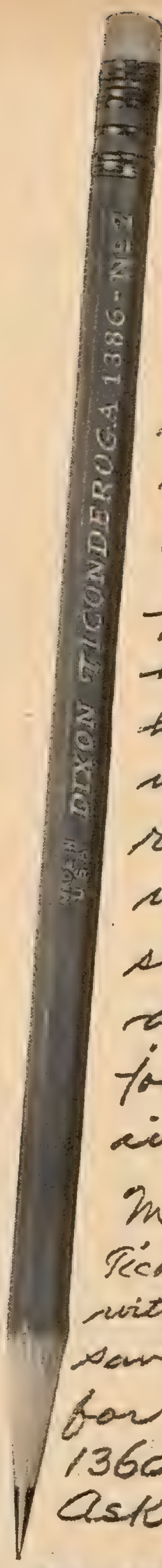
He climbed the dark stairs and made his way along the wide hall. At the end, where he was about to turn off toward his wing, a gust of wind creaked open the door directly in front of him. The hackles rose on his neck as he halted there and watched the heavily paneled door swing open slowly into what had been his grandfather's room. Through the window, the white moonlight crept into the room, coloring it with a ghostly half-light.

In that light he saw the sheen of a sword and the dull glint of a musket where they were crossed over the mantel, one draped with a Confederate battle flag and the other with a small silk flag of the United States. The bed was made up with a fresh counterpane, the old leather chair was by the table with the lamp on it and a Bible.

Slowly, as if impelled by the wind that had opened the door, he moved inside. The room smelled clean and fresh and, as his eyes grew accustomed to the light, he saw that everything was in place, just as it had been when his grandfather was alive. Below the mantel, hunting boots gleamed dully on the hearth and on the mantel itself spurs sparkled. Hoky walked steadily toward it.

A strange sense of familiarity was taking hold of him, as if this had been his room in another life. He looked at the great boots and saw they were large enough even for him. He looked up at the heavy sword and knew it would feel right in his hand. Then, beside the spurs, he saw a pair of leather gauntlets. He put out his hand. He hesitated. The wind pushed behind him, and he reached out.

The gloves were soft and strong and ready for his hands. He slipped his huge fingers in and the leather closed tight and pliant about them. He pulled them on, and he felt that he had pulled them on before. They felt good. They felt as if they belonged to him. He closed his fist, and it was a mighty thing in the glove. He looked about the room, from where the town of



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HANDLES LIKE PUTTY — HARDENS LIKE WOOD

Hillboro had been dreamed. It was the same dream he held now. Nothing was changed.

It had not been simple before, when the first man who wore these gloves had been alone. It was not as simple now as the townspeople thought, nor as he had thought. They had said, and he had believed, that he had no right to stand in their way. But this glove said that he had no right to surrender. It was the town, the dream, that was bigger than the people in it, bigger than Asa Braxton, bigger than Mary Lou. If her love was smaller than the dream, then he had no choice. What these gloves had done before, they must do again.

He walked out of the room, closing the door gently behind him, but he kept the gauntlets on. They belonged to him. . . .

In the morning, when he dressed in an old pair of jeans and cracked boots, he still wore the gloves. Back in the old shed he found a scythe and a wheel. He sharpened the scythe.

Then, right in front of his house, he started on the weeds. He cut with a wide and steady swath. As each weed was swept away, he planted a flower in his imagination. Between strokes, he looked at the spots in the fence he would repair. When he paused to pull the roots out, he looked at the shrubbery he would trim. It was a long job ahead but at last he had something he could do.

The front was cleared and he turned toward the house to gather all the weeds in a pile for a fire. He pulled smaller weeds out around the old flower bed first, and worked backward with his rake, dragging the growing pile toward the road. He seemed to hear another rake behind him and he paused. He looked down at the glove. He made himself wheel around.

Between him and the road was a slight figure in jeans, with a big red handkerchief loose around her throat. Mary Lou was not watching him. Flushed and intent, she was raking. Hoky stared.

At his silence, Mary Lou glanced up. Her eyes met his with all her love offered to him unconditionally and, as never before, pridefully.

She said softly, "Hoky, we'll go into the cottage any day *you* say."

He could only stare at the slender figure with the glowing eyes radiating her face. "But . . . Mary Lou . . . yesterday . . ."

"Yesterday I didn't want to believe you, but last night they told me what you said about the dream. This morning, when I saw you up here, I believed too. Let's get to work."

Hoky went back to the rake, and he handled it as pridefully as any sword his grandfather wielded. All that day they worked together, and the next morning bright and early Mary Lou was there again. All that week they worked on separate tasks. At the end, the home emerged from the brush. The straightened fence gleamed with whitewash, and the porch and house front were bright with yellow gauze curtains and blue sailcloth on the chairs and swing.

It takes mountain people a little time, but the other families must have seen. On Monday morning, when Hoky and Mary Lou started out, all the men of the mountain were waiting for them. They had their own scythes and rakes and axes, and Mr. McIlwaine said, "This week we'll start on my place."

THE END

QUESTIONS 20

Dr. Gregory Pinquetea, our question tester, missed only two this week—Nos. 4 and 5. Count double if you get these right.

1—Lord Louis Francis Albert Victor Nicholas Mountbatten has become famous for his leadership of what group?

2—What makes a Mexican jumping bean jump?

3—A couple were married a quinquennium before they had their first argument. How many years between their wedding day and their first quarrel?

4—The dollar sign is said to derive from what?

5—"Shut out"—a baseball term—took on importance in what other sport recently?

6—The international date line lies chiefly along what meridian?

7—Athens, Chios, Colophon, Rhodes, Salamis, Smyrna, and Argos claim to be the "home town" of what ancient blind poet?

8—Long ago, large proboscidians roamed the earth; now only one remains. By what more common name do we know him?

9—Are there ever two full moons in one month?

10—The longest alphabetical agency on record was formed recently with establishment of the PWPGSJSISIACBIACDIOWPB. Can you figure it out?

11—What is "Tyburn tree," and why is it so called?

12—A bill has been passed by the House and Senate and the President is about to sign it when he discovers one objectionable item. Can he veto the item and put his O. K. on the rest?

13—What historic event took place at Runnymede?

14—What type of person did Kipling describe in his phrase "Little Tin Gods"?

15—"To give no quarter" means to show no mercy. Did the "quarter" originally refer to money, mercy, space—or what?

16—Sailors call it "seadog," sometimes "fogdog," but it never barks or bites. What is it?

17—Who was "Old Rough-and-Ready"?

18—Chemists call it O_3 and all seaside resorts boast that they have lots of it. What is it?

19—What prizes are awarded at a "prize court"?

20—The big fellow called him Chappie, others called him Blackie. Thousands mourned his recent death. Who was he? And who is the big fellow?

(Answers will be found on page 53)

Eddie Senz' beauty tip is: Build up your best feature.

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

EDWARD SENZ operates a kind of F. B. I. agency, but in his case the F. B. stands for Feminine Beauty, and the only crime he investigates is the negligence of pretty girls who don't know how to look their best. Officially he's chief make-up man for Fox and Paramount productions in the East; also for opera, stage, night-club, and radio headliners. The scientific way he classifies a girl's possibilities resembles the technique of criminal identification. . . . First thing he'd do with you would be to sketch detailed pencil drawings of all your features. From these he'd select your most interesting point, and emphasize it. Eddie says that's the method followed by such successful gals as Sally de Marco and Dinah Shore. Sally builds *her* make-up to display her gorgeous hair-do; Dinah bases hers on her lovely eyes. They make up quickly and surely, without a moment's uncertain dabbing. . . . A silhouette picture of your head and profile tells important truths about you; for example, whether your hair complements or complicates your lines. It *should* complement them.

Many girls with long necks mistakenly wear shoulder-length hair as camouflage. Wrong idea. It's the half-length bob that helps necks look shorter, plumper—as a silhouette profile will prove. You can have silhouettes taken by any reliable photographer. . . . Advice from Eddie Senz to busy girls unable to change make-up completely between job and date: Go light on make-up. Learn the precise lip and eyebrow curves that suit you, and the exact spots for a little rouge—then you will always look dandy, day or evening, with just a touch-up.

FOR forty-five years Poppa Senz, father of Eddie, had charge of make-up at the Metropolitan Opera—which leads me to this true story about Luisa Tetrazzini and the American flag. Kitty Beale, formerly of the Met, told it to me the other day in connection with the numerous benefit performances theatrical ladies are giving now on flag-draped platforms. One night in Providence, Rhode Island, during World War I, Tetrazzini refused to return to the stage after her first number. A large American flag decorated the backdrop. "They have put that flag with the stripes running across," stormed the prima donna. "It makes me look even fatter than I am. I will not go on unless they put the stripes up and down!"

HERE'S something that actually happened to one of the quiet young men who really do investigate criminals: Of late he's been checking up on enemy aliens. Because of the suspicious characters she'd seen him with, a girl of his, who didn't know what he worked at, patriotically turned him in to his own superior officer as a bird worth watching. Officer said, "Thanks, dear. We'll keep our eye on him."

AN army wife who has been keeping house in the Canal Zone gave me this delicious summer recipe for *Panama Ham Steak:* . . . Have a raw ham steak cut 1½ inches thick. Rub well with dry mustard. Crush 4 canned pimentos to a paste with ½ cup brown sugar and spread over ham. Lay ham in shallow baking dish or casserole; surround with thin slices potato; pour in enough buttermilk to cover potatoes. Sweet milk isn't as good, but you can use it if you prefer. Cover dish and bake 30 minutes in slow oven. Uncover and continue baking 25 minutes more. Serve with corn sticks and an avocado salad.

WE think we're plagued by moths or mice perhaps, but what would the average housewife say if she had to contend with bookworms? A lady who works in the library of a national museum told me what a time *she* had after one lone bookworm (*Ptinus brunneus*) was found in the collection of rare documents. Each leaf of all the thousands of volumes on the shelves had to be turned over and searched for insect invaders. The hunt lasted for weeks, and not another bookworm appeared.

ANNE BRISCOE PYE and Nancy Shea, who know the ropes, have written The Navy Wife, a useful book for brides of the United States Navy. (Published by Harper & Brothers. $2.50.)

A GROUP of young refugees from Europe had gathered round the piano when I arrived at a studio party one recent evening. Under the direction of two famous concert stars—pianist and violinist, both refugees themselves—the others were learning old American songs. "A way to feel more at home in any country," said the pianist, "is to know that country's music by heart. It will help us not to be strangers here if we can sing the words of songs like The Old Oaken Bucket and Sweet Adeline."

NO FELLA SHOULD

Continued from Page 13

That thing might catch in the fuselage."

"Very funny, Freddy," says Connie. "I'm splitting my sides. As it happens, no fuselage is involved."

"But a parachuter is, eh?" I says with intuition.

"If you must know it, yes," Connie says. "Perry Enderby has asked me to a dance tonight, out at the camp." Connie is a one to sprinkle salt into open wounds.

I bear up very well under this new blow. "I suppose," I says nastily, "that, in addition to his other qualifications, Perry Enderby is a crimson pinwheel on a dance floor."

"I wouldn't know what you are gibbering about, Freddy," says Connie, "and don't bother to explain, because I must dash."

Well, time marches on and I see little or nothing of Connie. She is short when I meet her on the street, and shorter on the telephone. Then one night I talk my way into a date with her, but at the last minute she calls it off. Headache, she says. Yet two hours later she is driving down Main Street and something done up in a uniform is sitting beside her.

That is the finis. No woman can do that to Frederick Sandford. From then onward I ring myself by a wall of silence. Twice in this black, bitter period I catch distant glimpses of Connie and both times the uniform is hovering around. I do not get a good look at the guy, but ten will get you twenty it isn't General Grant.

And matters stand thus until one Saturday afternoon Connie rings me up at 4 P. M. sharp.

"Freddy," she says, "I must see you. Right away."

"Very well," I says, and, boy, was I distant! "I shall be in my library from now until five o'clock."

Over the phone I can hear her foot stamp. "Oh, Freddy, please don't be difficult. I mean, I want you to come here, of course."

THERE is a wail in her voice, like a banshee in distress. I relent somewhat.

"Is there a place behind your house where I can conceal my terrible car?" I says pointedly. "I should not like to disfigure your neighborhood."

"Park it right in front, Freddy darling," says Connie, tipping me off that I'm to be played for a sucker. "But do hurry."

Herself meets me at the door and practically hauls me into the house.

"I'm so glad you've come, Freddy," she says. "I've never been in such a spot."

"Go ahead," I says. "I'm listening."

She sits me down. She puts a cigarette in my mouth. She lights it for me. I sense monkey business, but I hold my peace. She will find me adamant. But adamant.

"It's like this, Freddy," she says at last. "We—that is, I—I have a guest coming for dinner tonight. And do you know what happened one hour ago? Well, Laura's brother was hurt in an accident and she just up and walked out." For the benefit of the untutored, Laura is the Parkers' cook.

"That," I says, "is regrettable. But I fail to see where it concerns me."

"Freddy," Connie says, "this is no time to play dumb. Some one simply has to cook dinner."

"If I remember rightly," I says, "your mother cuts no mean figure in the culinary department."

"Mother is not here," Connie informs me. "She and father have gone to Washington. Father wants to argue. Something about priorities."

"Unlucky," I says. "Very unlucky. Looks like daughter will have to swing into action."

"Don't be silly, Freddy," Connie says. "You know I can't boil water."

"Think shame of yourself," I says. "Your great-great-grandmother probably toured the country in a covered wagon, scrambling eggs while dodging tomahawks. But you are a wash-out in a modern kitchen. What is womanhood coming to?"

"Please don't waste time babbling, Freddy," says Connie. "Just answer one question: Can you cook as well as you used to?"

IT should be stated here that I am one of those handy-around-the-house men who can go into a kitchen and whip up something fit for a queen in nothing flat. This flair of mine in no way reflects upon my status as a he-man. Rather it has enhanced my value to Shadow Orchard, and I am in great demand at picnics, clambakes, outdoor suppers, and the like. Several of my dishes are bywords in the vicinity and one of them—the ragout de la Sandford—has even received favorable comment in the bosom of my own family, which is nice going, I'm here to tell you. Naturally, Connie Parker knows all about my skill with a skillet.

"I am beginning to perceive a sinister pattern here," I says. "I am invited to dinner provided I cook it? Is that the way the wind blows?"

"Of course not, you lamb," says my beloved. "I'm just inviting you to cook it. Of course, Freddy, I won't mind if you scramble yourself an egg or something out in the kitchen."

"Very good of you, I'm sure," I says. "By the way, who is this special guest that cannot be contaminated by associating with local talent at the same board?"

CONNIE hesitates. "Well, since you ask, it's—it's Perry Enderby."

I might have known. I hold up my hand.

"Say no more," I says. "If you think I'm going to moil and toil over a hot stove so that crimson pinwheel can gorge himself, you're wacky. Why don't you try an employment agency?"

"I have," says Connie. "And all the cooks are making munitions."

"Then take the twerp to the country club."

"Freddy, what a suggestion! You know the country club meals are perfectly foul."

"Well," I says, "that's all I have to offer. Good day."

"Freddy," says Connie, turning on the heat and the midnight-blue eyes, "wouldn't you do that much for me?"

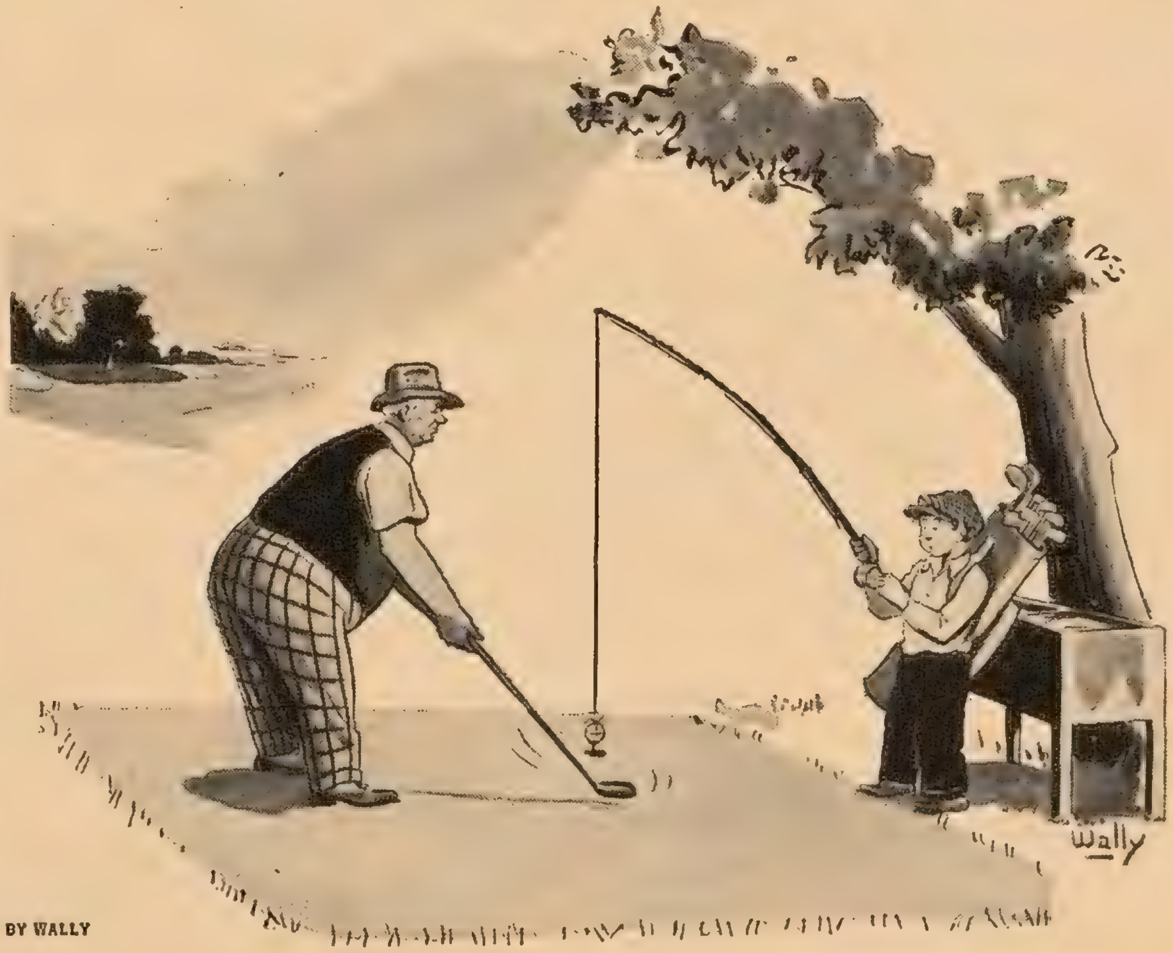
"I would not."

The beauty sighs. "To think. And after all I've done for you. Remember the time you broke old Mrs. Booker's window and I took the blame?"

"Pah," I says, "an incident of childhood!"

"And that time you were fighting Butch Henry and getting the worst of it and I tripped Butch up?"

"It wouldn't have made any difference. I was just rounding into form.



BY WALLY

I'd have gotten him in another minute."

"And the time . . ."

"Stop," I says. "You're breaking my heart. I—I . . ."

"Yes, darling?"

"Oh, Lord," I says, "I know when I'm licked. Lead me to the kitchen. What preparations have you made for this repast?"

Connie reels off the menu and she knows it by heart. "Clear consommé with lemon," she says. "Baby squab on toast with sauce piquante, asparagus with hollandaise, white grapes and cream-cheese salad, orange sherbet and ladyfingers, coffee and mints. Dinner will be at seven, Freddy," she adds, "and don't forget to phone the drugstore for the orange sherbet."

"Just a minute," I says. "What is this piquante sauce?"

"I haven't the vaguest idea," Connie says. "But it sounds too divine. Look it up in the cookbook, Freddy."

With that the lady fades upstairs to begin making herself enchanting, and I go out to the kitchen. In my opinion, the above-mentioned groceries are more suitable for Shirley Temple than for a hairy-chested halfback and/or parachuter. But I say nothing. I should worry if the guy starves to death.

In the midst of these reflections my name is taken in vain from upstairs. I open the door to the back stairs, stick my head around it, and something soft socks me in the face. A white drill coat falls at my feet.

"What's that for?" I says.

"Put it on, Freddy," commands Connie from on high. "It's one of Thomas's old coats. You know, that houseman we used to have."

I draw myself up. This is going too far. "I flatly decline," I says, "to wear Thomas's reach-me-downs."

"Oh, Freddy," Connie says, "you're spoiling everything with all these objections."

"I get the whole thing now," I says bitterly. "You are putting on the dog no end for this Enderby lug. I refuse to be party to such a scheme."

"Oh, and another thing, Freddy," Connie says. "For tonight, your name will be Thomas. Try and act the part and address Mr. Enderby as 'sir.'"

Well, how do you like that? "Yes, madame," I says. But I am afraid my biting sarcasm is lost on Connie.

PRESENTLY I have to speak to her again.

"Hey," I yells up the back stairs, "there's only two squabs here."

"Of course," Connie says. "There are only two of us."

"I," I says, "am an angel, I suppose?"

"You can fix yourself something, Freddy," says Connie. "Now please don't bother me again."

I slam the door and return to the kitchen, muttering. I am in a black mood. No squab for Frederick, eh! It's people like you, Constance Parker, I says to myself, whose heads will roll, come the revolution. Skimping in the servants' quarters. I go to the icebox for another look-see.

I expect to find something more substantial because I know darn well that the Parkers do not exist on ambrosia and nightingale tongues, even if the Newport Enderbys do. Old Man Parker wouldn't have it. Sure enough, I am presently looking affectionately upon a cold roast of veal.

LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP

by Donald Gordon

EACH ALONE, by Harriet Ball.

Whether one reads for his cakes or for pleasure alone, there is a rare kick in running across a first novel demonstrating without question that the author has something extra on the ball; not mere competence but obvious flair.

Harriet Ball's first novel may or may not reach national best seller lists. The time span of her story is but a single week-end and, as an instance, it has been observed that, while such plays may become hits, novels so limited are thought, apparently, to lack the importance a best seller often implies with the usual slower development.

Of course that's not logic. It's horsefeathers, as readers of Each Alone will find. The book isn't important and wasn't intended to be. The author has written a comedy-drama about the people gathered in a Michigan suburban home for the golden anniversary of the parents. The characters are expertly limned, satirically and sympathetically, the comedy ranges from medium low to high, and the drama is real. It's a better book than a dozen which have made best seller lists in the last two years. Get it and have yourself a time! (Harper & Brothers.)

"Well, well," I says to it. "Get yourself ready for a new experience. You, my boy, are about to become the big number in a sizzling steaming ragout de la Sandford. Frederick shall not starve tonight."

Heartened by this thought, I turn to and, in my quiet way, I accomplish miracles in that kitchen. By six thirty all is in readiness for our hero. And, with time on my hands and love in my heart, I begin tossing the ragout de la Sandford together.

It is at this point that the full sense of what a monkey I am being made of sweeps over me. Here I am sweating like a coolie to feed the very guy who is blasting my dreams of a home and fireside. Ironic, that is what it is. Ironic. Frederick, I mutters, the things you do, no fella should. No, no fella should.

As I think these thoughts I am carefully measuring a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and such is my condition that my hand shakes and triple that amount splashes into the stew. And darn if practically the same thing doesn't happen with the onion juice. It is evident that, unnerved as I am, this is not going to be one of my better ragouts.

And then, just as I am shaking in paprika, the front doorbell squawks. This, too, is unfortunate.

Connie comes flying down the back stairs. "Answer the door, you goop!" she hisses. I struggle into Thomas's coat and make it just as the Parachute Corps is leaning on the bell again.

Well, to give the devil his due, Peck Enderby is quite a lad. Six feet tall, about a hundred and eighty, broad shoulders, no hips worth mentioning, and as handsome as Robert Taylor. His uniform is very neat and trim.

"Miss Constance Parker?" says he.

"May I take your hat, sir?" I says and, boy, did I slur that "sir"!

At that point Connie makes a magnificent descent of the front stairs, tricked up in something green and rustling. As I fade toward the kitchen, Enderby says, "New houseman?"

"Er—yes," Connie says. "We—we're giving him a trial. So far, he seems intelligent."

You could hear my teeth gritting in Bombay.

Well, in the kitchen I set the ragout to simmering on the back of the stove and then fool with the consommé. Punctually at seven I appear in the door of the living room.

"Dinner is served, madame," I says, bowing low.

"Thank you, Thomas," Connie says, and gives me a dirty look which fetches the grin off my face.

THE first course goes off very well. Connie buzzes me after they have absorbed the consommé, and I remove the plates. Then I bring in the squabs, brown, sizzling, done to the proverbial turn. But I have omitted the piquante sauce. I should get Frenchified with Vichy acting up this way.

While they are squabbing I taste the ragout and suppress a howl with the greatest of difficulty. The Worcestershire sauce, the onion juice, and the paprika practically remove the roof of my mouth. I am still choking a little when I answer the buzzer to take away squab carcasses.

It is during this dismal chore that I perceive that all is not well with Mr. Enderby. He seems to me to be looking somewhat peaked. There is a kind of restless gleam in his eyes and, for some reason or other, I am reminded of yon Cassius.

Ha, my friend, I thinks, hauling away the squab which he has picked white, if I were in a sleigh on a dark night in Siberia, I would hate to meet you.

Well, it so happens that Enderby is sitting facing the swinging door through which I must come with the next course, which is the white-grape-and-cream-cheese salad. As I shoulder the door open, he gets a load of the rich gifts I am bearing. At the same time I get a load of his face. It falls a foot.

There is no doubt about what that face is registering. It is disappointment and chagrin. Further than that, the wolfish gleam in his eye gets brighter. And suddenly I become certain that this guy is hungry.

You can appreciate his predicament. No doubt he is plenty sick of army food and has been looking forward all week to a good home-cooked meal.

But when he arrives at the festive board, what happens? He is forced to toy with squab and nibble white grapes.

On impulse, I back into the kitchen.

Here is a matter for me and my conscience. Peck Enderby does not know me from a hole in the ground, but that is beside the point. It is a matter of principle with me that no person, even my worst enemy, shall rise from a table unsatiated after having partook of a meal prepared by Freddy Sandford.

Just then the ragout looses off a particularly delectable aroma. That does it. The ragout represents my own dinner, but I have always been a one to sacrifice. It is the work of a moment to arrange the ragout tastefully in a serving dish; the work of another to set it in front of Connie in the dining room.

"Er-er—Thomas," says Connie, a little shrilly, "what on earth is that?"

"A little surprise, madame," I says, "made according to the recipe of a famous Parisienne chef, now deceased. I trust you will enjoy it." And I get the devil out of there.

Well, a long time passes and then the buzzer goes off.

"You may take the plates, Thomas," says Connie, and she sounds listless. But Enderby is lighting a cigarette and he looks sleek and replete. And all that remains of the ragout de la Sandford would not take the edge off the appetite of a finicky hummingbird.

I will pass over the remainder of that meal to the time when I am washing the dishes and there comes a discreet tap on the kitchen door. To my surprise, enter Enderby.

"Er—Thomas," he says, "Miss Parker has gone upstairs to—to powder her nose and I thought I'd just slip out here and get the recipe for that ragout of yours. It is something, Thomas."

"You did not find it a trifle hot, sir?" I says cautiously.

"Not me," says the All-American. "The hotter they come, the better I like 'em. You see, Thomas, I used to play a little football and once I got a sock that dislocated my jaw. It must have done something to my palate, too. Because nowadays I need things pretty well spiced up to stimulate my taste glands." He poised pencil and a slip of paper. "Shoot, Thomas."

I am describing the technique it takes for the ragout de la Sandford when Connie comes into the kitchen. She stares at Enderby.

"What are you doing here, Perry?" she says sharply.

"Oh, hello," Enderby says. "I am just getting the dope on that stew from Thomas. I thought my girl in New York—my fiancée, that is—might like to have it. I have encouraged her to go in for domestic science. Once I settle down after I've slapped these Japs, I want to be fed properly. And, in my opinion, a ragout like that will help promote happiness in the home."

There is a strained and/or pained silence. I relieve it by dropping a platter. With me, good news always calls for noise of some kind.

An hour later Connie comes in again, alone. She looks at me like I am something that dwells under a rock.

"Freddy Sandford," she says, and the dark-blue eyes are glittering, "I could strangle you with my bare hands. Spoiling my beautiful dinner with that dreadful stew mess."

"Oh, yeah?" I says. "But for me, your boy friend would be passed out from malnutrition by now. He should be glad, though, that I do not have the instincts of Cesare Borgia. Where is the crimson pinwheel, by the way?"

"He had to get back to camp." Connie sits on the kitchen table and swings the niftiest ankles in Shadow Orchard. For a minute she is quiet. Then, "Freddy," she says, "if there's one thing in the world I cannot stand, it is a glutton."

"Hard to take, gluttons," I says, breaking half a dozen eggs into a mixing bowl, because by this time I am feeling a bit peckish myself.

"I do not care," says Connie in a far-off and musing manner, "if he is a halfback and a parachutist and the son of a somebody. He thinks of nothing but his stomach."

"The stomach . . ." I begin, rising in defense of an essential organ. But the phone out in the hall cuts me off.

Connie dives out to answer it and promptly dives back.

"For you, Freddy," she says.

I return to the kitchen presently and am I in a glow. I mean, a glow.

"Know who that was?" I says. "That was Doc Risdon. He knows I've been anxious about a certain matter and he called my house and they told him I was here. It seems he's just learned that this man's army has relaxed the dental requirements. They will now take other people besides wolves. And the doc says I'm a cinch to make it. Woo-woo! Adolf Hitler, here I come!"

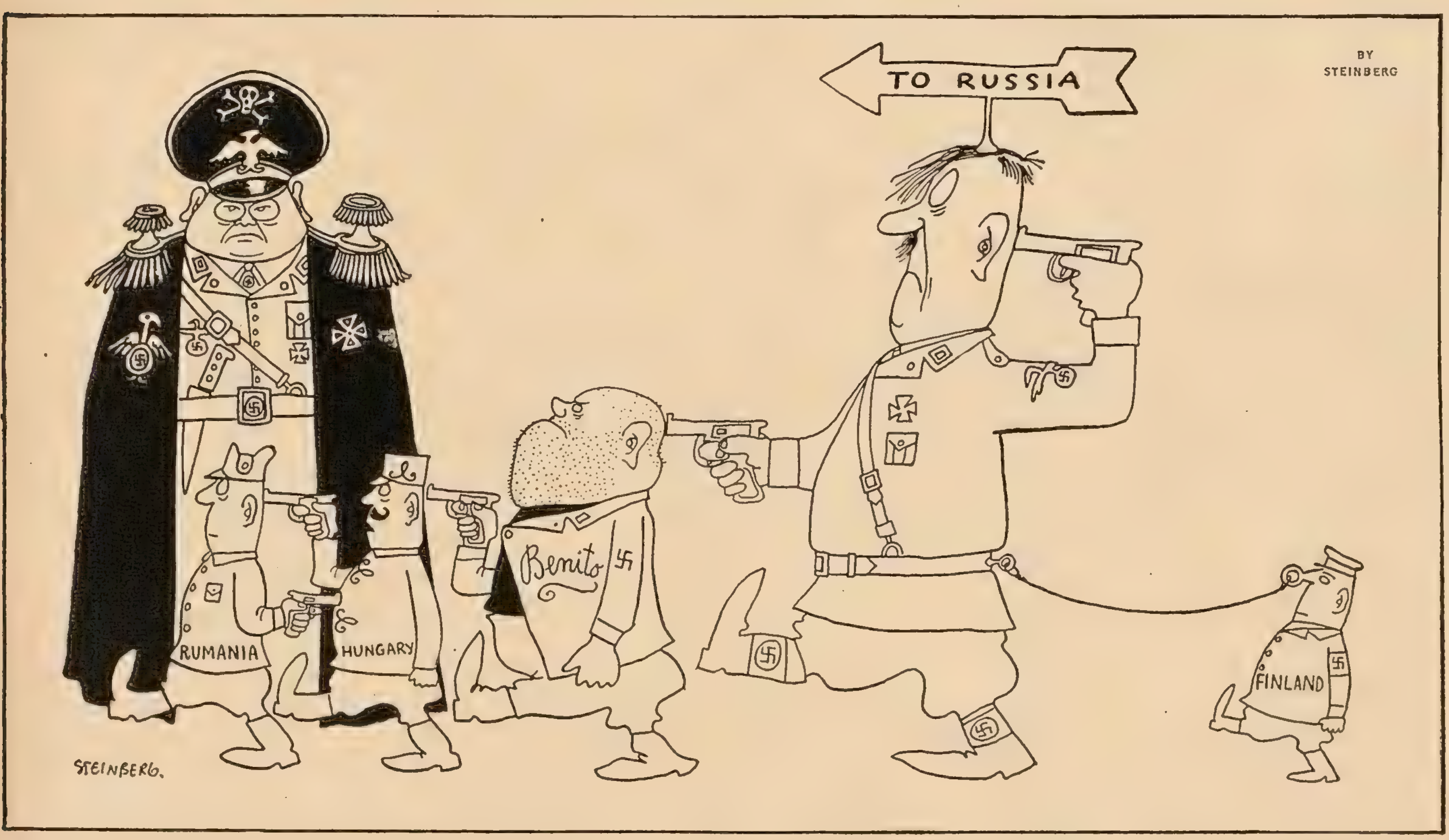
Connie gives a little cry. "Oh, Freddy, how perfectly thrilling! I know—I just know that you will be a big hero." And the dame actually kisses me.

It lasts a full minute, but at the end of it I still have some possession of my senses.

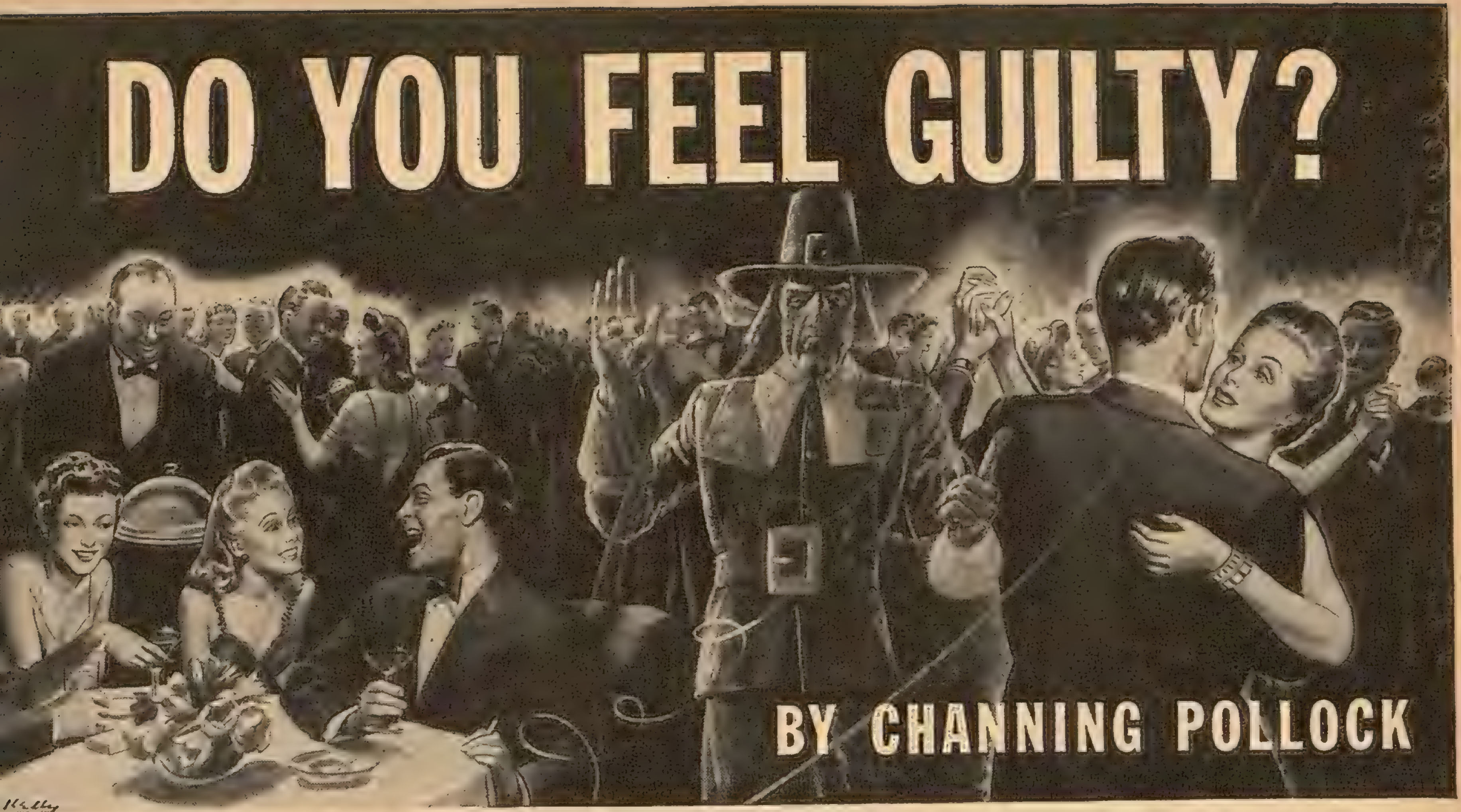
"Do that again," I says dizzily. "You've improved since the last time."

I'm a monkey's uncle if she doesn't!

THE END



DO YOU FEEL GUILTY?



BY CHANNING POLLOCK

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

MRS. MACKENZIE, whose husband is president of the company, sat next me at dinner the night I spoke for International Inutilities, Inc. She is a strikingly lovely woman, prosperous, useful, and the mother of two children. Under the circumstances I was surprised when another guest mentioned meeting her somewhere, and Mrs. MacK., suddenly self-conscious, said, "Oh, you mustn't talk about *that.* It's too utterly foolish."

"What have you been up to?" I joked.

The lady's embarrassment became painful.

"We all do silly things sometimes," she replied, "but the less we talk about them the better."

Eventually it came out: Mrs. MacK. was taking dancing lessons. The children were away at school, she defended herself; their father was busy all day; and, in spite of her cultural, communal, and household activities, part of her time was unoccupied. She found dancing good exercise.

"*And* good fun?" I asked.

Mrs. MacK. flushed guiltily. I had got at the root of her shame.

In our secret souls most of us feel there must be something very reprehensible about enjoying ourselves. "Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe." Mark Twain put the matter neatly when he declared that the Puritans opposed bearbaiting not because it gave the bear pain but because it gave the spectators pleasure.

We're returning to that frame of mind in the current conflict. When Sir Stafford Cripps became England's Lord Privy Seal, his first public utterance was a statement that pleasure was out for the duration of the war. On the home front, Sir Stafford said, steps would be taken to halt dog racing and boxing, which he called completely out of accord with the "solid and serious intention of this country to achieve victory." Why? Is victory more likely to be achieved by a civilian population that spends its spare time brooding and staring out of the windows at bomb craters? Do the boys on furlough return to the front more fit for its agonies after an agonizingly dull stretch at home? We've all got to do a lot of serious thinking and working and sacrificing these days; are matters improved by making the 'tweenwhiles as dreary as possible? The answer is demonstrably "No," and yet we are growing our own crop of Crippses in America. Of course we should do without tires and golf balls and electric refrigerators, but a great many of us never seem to be having as much fun as when we are telling the rest of us we shall have to give up everything else. That is one type of fun that seems to make no one feel guilty.

My valued friend Arthur Garfield Hays came into the open with this whole question when we spent a recent evening together. "When you take a few hours off, or read in the afternoon," he asked, "do you always dread that presently you will feel a policeman's hand on your shoulder?"

"Sure," I answered. "Don't you?"

"Yes," Arthur said. "Even on Sundays. Even when I've worked double time to get the hour off, or the afternoon's reading. And that's not the worst of it. Both of us have been poor. Do *you* find now that you can't have any fun out of money spent on yourself, no matter how well you can afford it or how frugally you have been setting it aside for that especial purpose? Do you find yourself feeling as though you had been caught stealing postage stamps or your friend's wife?"

"Always."

"It's a damned shame!" Arthur exclaimed. "Lord knows I've worked hard enough to have a little pleasure, and that sense of guilt cuts it squarely in half. There's no virtue involved; not even thrift. I can give the money to my family to spend on *their* pleasure, and not feel a bit guilty. I can lose it in business without shame. But if I spend it on a holiday for myself, the holiday's ruined by my conviction that I'm a waster and a prodigal who can come to no good end."

Do I know that feeling, and do you? Does Donald Duck quack? I can't hail a taxi without first having proved to myself that the time saved will return more than the cabfare. As my wife earns nothing with her time, even I can't persuade her to take taxis often, though she isn't too well, and when she does take one her health suffers more from remorse than it would have done from exertion.

When I was a lad, I used to look at wooden boxes of cherries at the grocer's, and think that when I was older and more prosperous I'd buy one. I've bought several for friends, but I've never been able to make myself walk up to a grocer or fruit dealer and say, boldly and shamelessly, "I want that box of cherries." A dear woman who knew this brought me a box of cherries last spring, but I didn't enjoy it. I felt too guilty that some one—any one—had spent all that money on *me.*

The instances of our continuing Puritanism are too numerous to be included in this space. What woman will confess touching up her hair, or wearing wrinkle plasters at night, or going to a beauty parlor for anything

EYES TIRED? RED? IRRITATED?

from
☐ over use
☐ close work
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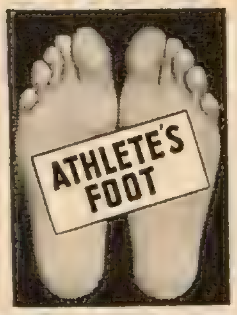

but a hair-do? Personally, I think beauty is more than skin-deep, and that if the treatments were effective there should be at least as many beauties as there are parlors; but, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, that has nothing to do with the case.

My point is: If you think you can buy beauty, why be ashamed of doing so? Isn't it every woman's duty, as well as her pleasure, to look as young and attractive as possible? Aye, there's the rub: duty *and* pleasure. If it weren't pleasant to smoke, or to take an occasional cocktail, or to do various other things, neither women nor men would waste time trying to justify themselves. And from my view, when you begin doing that, the fun is gone anyway, and most of the benefit.

THERE *are* lucky devils, of course, of whom none of this is true—chiefly, I fear, those who would be greatly improved by questioning their indulgences. On the first anniversary of my marriage a distant relative borrowed ten dollars of me; and then, later, when my wife had refused a bottle of champagne because it was too expensive, we looked across to another table, and there was Cousin Chester with three blondes and two bottles of champagne!

Quite obviously, *he* didn't feel guilty. His sort never does. None of them would recognize a qualm if it jumped right up in their laps. More than any other phase of the subject, this fills me with rage and resentment. It's so manifestly unfair. Why should only those who are virtuous and hard-working and thrifty be filled with repentance, while Cousin Chester, if you'd asked him whether he wasn't ashamed of squandering his time and my ten, wouldn't've known what you were talking about?

Why does Mrs. MacKenzie blush at the thought of her dancing lessons after she's brought up the children and made a charming home for her husband, while my uncle's secretary, who gets a good salary and should perform an equivalent service, dances all night, makes a mess of her day's work, and stalks out like an injured empress if uncle suggests that calm and self-possessed secretaries don't stamp the incoming mail?

David Harum said, "A reasonable number of fleas is good fer a dog—keeps him from broodin' over bein' a dog." But it isn't the hosts of the flea I'm talking about who brood. *They* don't think they are dogs—unless it is "gay dogs."

That particular bit of the problem is too complicated for a magazine article, and too deep for tears. I suspect it goes down to the roots of government, and political economy, and the whole social system. Anyway, this isn't a treatise on the social system. It's a bright little essay on *your* system, and my system, and Mrs. MacKenzie's, and none of these function the better for "broodin'."

There's plenty to brood about these days, goodness knows, and our kind of citizen has a virtual monopoly on that worry, too. Sir Stafford Cripps to the contrary notwithstanding, what we require for health and sustained and effective effort is an occasional interval with nothing much on our minds but our hair. We need a joyous religion set to cheerful music rather than dirges; a happy faith in ourselves and our kind and our country; the ability to be gay now and then without an uneasy notion that we've broken the Ten Commandments and somebody's heart.

I don't mean wine, woman, and song, though there's much to be said for all three. I mean the sort of thing one used to see in France—the whole family on a Sunday outing, with a baby and a bottle in the "pram"—or in prewar Germany, where the forests resounded with the merriment of hiking and uninhibited men and maidens. I mean Mrs. MacKenzie's dancing, and Arthur Hays' harmless extravagances, and other types of metaphorical whisky "without a headache." I mean putting the still small voice of conscience to better use than yelling through a megaphone because we've had a good time.

I'm beyond help. At my age, dynamite couldn't break the log jam of habit. Today is my sixty-second birthday, and am I having a jolly afternoon? I am not! I'm merely writing about it. I've never had a Sunday off in my life. When my medico insisted I should have, I tried it one Sabbath, and felt so miserably guilty that I backslid before noon.

I know I'm a better workman after a holiday. Long ago I found that an evening at the club with a few old cronies improved my writing for weeks afterward. But always the evening was partly spoiled by that nagging consciousness of wrongdoing.

Always, the day before, I struggled against calling the thing off; always, during the party, I thought of what I might be accomplishing at my desk; and always the morning after found me apologizing to my wife, and the cook, and the boy on the elevator.

NEXT New Year's I shall buy myself *two* boxes of hothouse cherries—and hang the cost!—and I shall go skipping down Riverside Drive blowing kisses at every pretty girl I see. I shan't touch pencil to paper for a month—or perhaps a week—or maybe we'd better make it a couple of hours.

There you are. Already I begin to feel guilty! At sixty-two, I'm a *quite* hopeless case. But you, righteous reader, be warned in time. Don't let your conscience get you down. In Oliver Herford's words, begin conquering your will power. Pooh to the Puritans, and boo to the bluenoses! Enjoy your dancing, Mrs. MacKenzie, and your small profligacies, Arthur, without a pang or a prickle. You're not the kind of people who must keep conscience awake; you're the kind that should give it soothing syrup and take a day off with its nursemaid!

THE END

PIERRE LAVAL

Continued from Page 11

any other color). It is because he has been fundamentally a Fascist right along that he is today a comrade in arms to Hitler and Mussolini.

During my long residence in France I frequently was in touch with Laval in the ordinary course of my newspaper work. I attended his press conferences and sat at his side on the only occasion when he visited the Anglo-American Press Club, on the eve of his departure for the United States in 1931. He was always tolerably polite and rather reserved. Yet he always impressed me as a man who knew exactly what he wanted and whose every word and gesture was calculated. Even his bursts of spontaneity and the confidential tone of his voice seemed rehearsed. He rarely smiled, perhaps because his teeth, dark and protruding, recall the fangs of a beast of prey.

Laval and Hitler are contrasting characters who complement rather than resemble each other. True, both are self-made men who battled their way up from utter poverty. Both believe implicitly in force and hate intellectual theories. Both are ruthless, cruel, suspicious, and superstitious. But there the likeness stops. For while the German is high-strung, emotional, and impulsive, the Frenchman is patient, slow-thinking, and self-controlled. Hitler acts almost solely by what he calls intuition. Laval's every move is reasoned out. Hitler sways his listeners by the impact of his unrestrained temperament. Laval has a lawyer's mentality; he ferrets out his opponent's dominant self-interest, and hammers away at that vulnerable spot.

I saw the true face of Laval only once, when I called on him in his patrician Villa Said, a stone's throw from the exclusive Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, in a last effort to cancel the expulsion order which had been handed me by M. Jean Chiappe, the police prefect, a few days after my return from Ethiopia. Officials of the Department of Justice and the Prefecture of Police declined to inform me of the reason for my expulsion. A minor functionary, however, told me unofficially that M. Laval, although not in any government office at the time, could, if he so desired, stay the deportation order against me.

ASKING this favor of M. Laval was unavoidable, but I did not relish the idea. In a dispatch from Addis Ababa I had quoted the Negus Haile Selassie as saying, in an interview he had given me: "The blood of my people is on the hands of the white-shirt-fronted M. Laval. He is the traitor who destroyed the independence of Ethiopia, who killed the League of Nations, and who placed in Mussolini's hand a sword that will eventually fall on the neck of France."

No sooner had I introduced my request to Laval with the words that I had always been a friend of France, than he jumped up and interrupted me with a snarl: "Monsieur, I am France, and whoever is against me has no place in this country."

This was the only time I saw Pierre Laval in an unrehearsed part. The deportation order was not canceled.

Hitler and Laval form a dangerous combination. They trust each other completely, and therefore can afford to take opposite roads as long as these eventually lead to the same goal. And that goal is a Fascist Europe which Germany would dominate, allowing France, however, to play an important if subservient role.

LAVAL today is Hitler's willing instrument for gradually bringing the democracies into a negotiated peace. Contrary to general expectation, the task assigned to Laval is not to throw the weight of French military and naval power into the struggle on Hitler's side—although the force of events may lead to this—but to act as a master negotiator for a peace of compromise. As Hitler's chances for a decisive victory grow unmistakably slimmer, Châteldon's former butcher boy is being fattened to play the part of Berlin's dove of peace.

Berlin's diplomatic master minds were well aware that Europe and, more particularly America, regarded Laval as a Nazi puppet. They also knew that his usefulness to them would be nil if he continued to be viewed in London and Washington as merely the Nazi Gauleiter of France. Yet, knowing this, Hitler appointed Laval as head of the Vichy Cabinet.

There is no contradiction in this seemingly contradictory strategy. Since Marshal Pétain had failed to create the mirage of an independent France adjusting herself voluntarily to the new order in Europe, Berlin needed a French "statesman" whom it could trust implicitly. The only French politician who fitted this requirement was Laval. That he is France's most despised figure did not bother Hitler and Goebbels. If Germans could be made to swallow a Nazi-Soviet pact and then overnight be thrown into war against the Soviets, Laval could be sold to the French, Berlin decided. The procedure by which France, England, and America are to be fooled is quite simple.

Pierre Laval, the stubborn peasant and man of the people, is to be built up as a strong, independent leader. The Nazi propaganda machine will shrewdly use neutral sources, like Switzerland and Sweden, to delude world opinion. "Inside" stories will be spread picturing Laval as a master negotiator outsmarting Hitler and gradually liberating his country.

Anecdotes about the superlative smartness of Laval are already appearing in the papers of Bern and Stockholm and are naïvely quoted in England and America. Only recently I read such a story, in which a German diplomat was quoted as describ-

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Baffling FRED (One Long Pan) ALLEN!

How many times have you roared as super comedian Fred Allen assumed his most famous role of oriental sleuth—One Long Pan?

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Perhaps the antics of this capering radio detective are all in fun—but Fred now admits his secret weakness for a juicy murder mystery.

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Mention Fred's New England childhood and you have the answer to his favorite case, unquestionably—the mystery of Lizzie Borden!

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Not so many years ago folks everywhere chanted:

Lizzie Borden took an axe
And gave her mother forty whacks.
When she saw what she had done
She gave her father forty-one.

★

If you've been unfortunate enough to have missed hearing about Lizzie Borden—well, brother you've skirted a real American epic!

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Despite furious family arguments and cafe brawls over this case, the mysterious axe-murderer of the Bordens has never been uncovered!

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Professional and amateur detectives—including One Long Pan—still scratch their heads in wonder over the strange events of the mystery.

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And once again the Borden case has come to life—now in a brilliant book-length mystery, prefaced by Fred Allen himself, in July *True Detective Magazine!*

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"The Great Fall River Mystery", favorite of Comedian Fred Allen, is in the big *True Detective*. On sale June 5.

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ing Laval as "a man who, when he asks for an egg, finishes up by getting the chicken coop." Incidents like that of the escape of General Giraud from a German prison camp and his remaining for a time at liberty in France will be created to provide Laval with personal diplomatic victories against Hitler, and thus to reinforce the illusion of an independent France. Rumors of strained relations and even conflicts between Laval and Hitler will be put into circulation. Berlin will threaten Laval with reprisals, so as to call forth acclaim for him from the French masses.

The making of predictions is risky these days, yet I venture to say that Laval will ostensibly "wrest" substantial concessions from Hitler. Political commentators will interpret Laval's diplomacy as masterly maneuvers in playing Rome and Madrid against Berlin. The mirage which Pétain could not create will take shape as Laval skillfully plays his game under Hitler's invisible direction. Through the Nazi propaganda machine Laval's France will again emerge as a powerful European factor.

NOR will the Hitler-Laval game content itself with propaganda. Having full confidence in his French Quisling, Hitler, in order to strengthen Laval's hold on his people, will make genuine concessions to France. Paris may in the near future once more become the seat of the French government. Nazi military control of France will gradually grow less ostentatious. Large numbers of French prisoners of war will be released. Berlin will perhaps permit France to rebuild, partially at least, her military and industrial power, though naturally under the secret control of the Gestapo. Hitler may even send token shipments of foodstuffs to France. Slowly perhaps, yet consistently, Laval's regime will be blown up as a shining proof that Hitler does not mean to subjugate Europe and that normal business is possible with the Nazis.

Only after this groundwork has been laid will the butcher boy of Auvergne be released by Berlin as its dove of peace. The master strategists of the Nazi peace offensive, scheduled for some time before next winter, expect Laval, once built up as the stabilizer of the New Europe, to issue an effective call for peace that will find a vigorous echo in the war-weary hearts of the fighting nations of the world.

Such an appeal by a "revitalized" France for a peace in which Hitler would not figure as the dominant factor will not fail to make a deep impression on England and America, Hitler's political planners feel certain. And if by that time the Nazi military juggernaut has given no evidence of cracking up, it would indeed be difficult for the democracies to resist the cooing of an insistent peace dove that has demonstrated to the world that Hitler no longer is top man in Europe.

Fantastic as this rather long-range scheme may seem today, it is nonetheless the blueprint for Hitler's coming peace offensive. The only eventuality that Hitler fears might nullify it is the assassination of Laval, his man of destiny, before the wily Frenchman has succeeded in establishing himself as the savior of France. To prevent such a "calamity" Hitler has ordered Reinhard Heydrich—second only to Himmler in the Gestapo, and nicknamed *der Henker* (the hangman) for his cruelty—to organize an impenetrable protective ring around his future dove of peace. From now on Pierre Laval will be the most guarded man of Europe. His every visitor will be thoroughly searched, his every meal subjected to scientific tests. His bodyguard will be as efficient and unobtrusive as the Führer's own.

Pierre Laval is eminently fitted to become the arch-intriguer of Europe. Few men anywhere possess a comparable cunning and tenacity. He has nerves of steel and infinite patience. Besides, he has unshakable faith in his own persuasive powers. "Give me five minutes with my executioner, and I shall make him my slave," he used to say jestingly in the days when he was climbing the ladder of political success, cynically crisscrossing party lines and double-crossing the men he feigned to venerate.

Even his most inveterate political antagonists grant him exceptional ability and an uncanny insight in gauging French mass psychology. In his busy career as attorney and politician he has dealt with all strata of society, but he has always retained a gift of speaking the direct, realistic language of a man of the people.

It would be foolhardy indeed to underestimate a Laval who, through peace and war, at times engulfed by political scandal, more than once exposed in acts of treachery, has nevertheless managed to emerge in time of crisis as a man to be reckoned with as a factor in the destiny of France.

THERE can be no doubt that in this international political chess game which he has opened in Vichy, Laval will pull unexpected combinations and prepare more than one trap for his adversaries. He will employ every imaginable device to win over American public opinion, using his son-in-law, René de Chambrun, a descendant of Lafayette, as a mouthpiece whenever necessary, and striving desperately to gain the ear of British and American big business.

If the Red Army piles up unexpected victories over the Nazis this summer—and I, for one, consider this entirely possible—the launching of the Nazi peace offensive will have to be advanced. Then it will be Laval's cue to cry "Save Europe from Bolshevism!" That will be Hitler's final attempt to escape total military defeat.

But I doubt that the French people will be fooled by the political somersaults of M. Laval. Nor will he be able to shake the belief of the French in their proverb: "There's only one man who is worse than the hangman, and that is the hangman's flunky."

THE END

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

eronica Lake and Alan Ladd in This Gun for ire, a tensely exciting new spy melodrama.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ THIS GUN FOR HIRE (for novel and gripping thrills)

THIS picture of fifth columnists, patriots, and public enemies involved in a triangle of intrigue and violence, is a superior spy thriller. Thanks to the brilliant performance of a newcomer named Alan Ladd, and Frank Tuttle's forthright direction, the film has guts and gusto. It captures your emotions as well as your curiosity.

This Gun for Hire has a novel plot and a fascinating array of characters. It starts out with a professional killer knocking off a couple he had never seen before in San Francisco. He is double-crossed by his murderous employers and he sets out to get them. Meanwhile a pretty night-club entertainer is tracking down the same big shots to uncover an espionage plot.

Thrown together by accident en route from San Francisco to Los Angeles, the killer and the girl become involved in tensely exciting adventures. There's a wild chase in which the heroine marks her flight for her detective sweetheart to follow. There's a hair-raising man hunt in a railway yard. The climax has a smashing crescendo.

The plot outline is absorbing, and there is dramatic substance in every incident. Give Tuttle plenty of credit, though, for the finished product. He has staged This Gun for Hire with terrific pace and suspense.

This Ladd fellow is an actor to be reckoned with. He plays the professional murderer like a veteran, making the character understandable as well as terrible. Much to my surprise, Veronica Lake is good here, too. She portrays with genuine conviction and feeling the night-club magician who is detailed to discover the higher-ups in the fifth-column gang.

Moreover, Laird Cregar contributes one of his most colorful characterizations as the finger man for the Benedict Arnolds who try to sell a poison-gas formula to our enemies. Tully Marshall, Robert Preston, Marc Lawrence, and the others are all splendid in their various roles.

(Paramount.)

★ ★ ★ SYNCOPATION (for superior swing music)

HERE'S another attempt of Hollywood to dramatize the origins of jazz. From a musical standpoint it's got what it takes. Charlie Barnet, Benny Goodman, Harry James, Joe Venuti, and Gene Krupa are some of the swing maestros who contribute hot licks and solid sending. Connie Boswell sings and there's the Hall Johnson choir in an early section.

As for the story, it's a patchwork affair, wandering episodically down the years from 1907 to the present day. A Southern youngster comes North with Basin Street Blues in her fingers. Her childhood sweetheart is killed in the World War and she marries a cornet player, who introduces blues to a skeptical public.

Dramatically Syncopation doesn't hold a candle to such similar swing shows as Birth of the Blues, or even Blues in the Night. It's not for want of good acting, either. Bonita Granville is fine as the girl pianist, and Jackie Cooper is right enough as the man with a cornet. Then there's an engaging portrayal of the girl's father by Adolphe Menjou.

A better story and considerable cutting would have helped Syncopation. Swing fanciers are not likely to care. It's got low-down rhythms galore.

(RKO.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Tortilla Flat, Saboteur, My Favorite Blonde, Reap the Wild Wind, The Gold Rush, To Be or Not to Be, Mister V.

★★★—My Gal Sal, Juke Girl, Moontide, Ship Ahoy, The Spoilers, Twin Beds, In This Our Life, The Great Man's Lady, Rings on Her Fingers, Kipling's Jungle Book, The Tuttles of Tahiti, To the Shores of Tripoli, Rio Rita, The Male Animal, I Married an Angel, The Invaders, The Fleet's In, The Courtship of Andy Hardy, Song of the Islands.

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Call us Nostradamus, Jr. At any rate we're following in the footsteps of the eminent foreteller.

We are about to prophesy that the Jan Struther novel, "Mrs. Miniver" will be the First Lady of the Screen for '42.

★ ★ ★ ★

We have our paw on the pulse of the public when we make our startling prediction. We saw William Wyler's production of "Mrs. Miniver" in a Hollywood preview.

★ ★ ★ ★

Let us tell you about that preview.

★ ★ ★ ★

Prepared for the screen by producer Sidney Franklin, who had had an editorial hand in "Goodbye Mr. Chips", there was reason to believe that "Mrs. Miniver" was an equally creditable picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

But it was not certain what the public would say.

★ ★ ★ ★

It was evident that William Wyler, one of the really great directors, had done his finest job...

★ ★ ★ ★

That Greer Garson as Mrs. Miniver had been perfection itself...

★ ★ ★ ★

And that Walter Pidgeon as Clem had been dream-like casting...

It was said that no finer supporting cast had ever been assembled than Teresa Wright, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Henry Travers, Richard Ney, Tom Conway, Henry Wilcoxon.

★ ★ ★ ★

Still, there was a lot to be learned from the first public reaction to this most unusual type of film about a peaceful little life caught in the maelstrom of the moment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Imagine the excitement! Only once before—it was the preview of "Big Parade"—had there been such a tremendous public demonstration in favor of a film.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Mrs. Miniver" had joined the big parade of the screen's noblest.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now it's true we haven't told you about the story. Perhaps we should have done it, because our purpose is to arouse your interest.

★ ★ ★ ★

Sounds selfish, doesn't it?

★ ★ ★ ★

But when you see "Mrs. Miniver" you'll remember whom to thank for the tip—

—Leo

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

CHIN OUT! STOMACH IN!

BY TERRY HUNT

Hollywood's famous conditioner of celebrities

OVER 40,000 people a day watched the Brooklyn Dodgers play their critical games last fall. Almost 19,000 witnessed the most recent Joe Louis indoor fight. At least 100,000 saw the Army and Navy football game. Thus for years, in grandstands the country over, millions of good citizens annually attend athletic contests.

All of which provoked Ernst Lubitsch, the director, to ask of me, one day not long after he had come to Hollywood, "Tell me, Terry, why do they always watch? Why don't they do?"

He meant, of course, that we're a sports-minded nation—yes, in a passive sort of way. We enjoy watching others get healthy. We don't bother about ourselves.

Facts are facts. Any foolish idea that American men and women are a virile, clear-eyed, healthy body of citizenry is purely the bunk.

Recent events have served to prove our two decades of sluggishness. The draft was a case in point. More than 50 per cent of the men drafted were rejected as physically unfit to serve. Among the reasons given for rejection have been overweight, underweight, spinal curvatures, high and low blood pressure, hernias.

Now, most of these failings are curable, especially in younger men. Scores have come to my health club in Hollywood and asked me to put them in shape so they could enlist. As a result of my work with them, I know that from 60 to 80 per cent of the rejected draftees can be reclaimed for active service.

But fighting men are not the only ones who will count in this war. The battle may be won or lost by the civilian population. Longer hours, less relaxation, rationed food, high-strung nerves—all are ahead. And the failure of those of us at home to guard our health and energy and stamina is, in its way, sabotage.

The whole nation should be health-conscious. As one doctor who came into my club said to me, "Yes, I'd better get in shape. After all, this is war, and I don't know when I'll be called on to work twenty-four to forty-eight hours without rest." Army officers come to me. Potbellies have gone with the peace. They want their bodies prepared for all-out rigors. Jittery ferry pilots visit me for health treatments before the next trip to England or Australia. And, of course, all those movie friends—Bob Taylor, Gary Cooper, John Payne, Clark Gable, Carole Landis, Joan Bennett, Ingrid Bergman, Betty Grable—they come in for conditioning because they are now working overtime at movies, charity shows, personal appearance tours, defense work.

You can carry on your own health program. A little daily exercise in your bedroom, a diet that will promote proper elimination and build energy, decent care of the body will trim off excess fat, build up your resistance, and prepare you for the fight ahead.

I want to pass on to you fifteen health tips. You may have heard or read many of them often in recent years. But now, when you must declare to your body a state of personal emergency, it might be well to again memorize them or clip them for reference.

1. A glass of cold water immediately after your morning mouth wash stimulates the entire alimentary tract and starts the day properly.

2. Honey is a quick energy builder, especially if your vitality is low. Take one or two tablespoonfuls with breakfast.

3. Poor elimination is the basic root of many health evils; so train yourself to a clocklike regularity of bowel movement. Perhaps twice a day.

4. Increase your general resistance by deep breathing in fresh air. When you take your daily walk, inhale through the nose and exhale through the mouth.

5. Incidentally, a daily period of walking is a necessity. But ordinary strolling won't help at all. Be sure that when you walk you change your pace. Walk this way—slow, fast, slow, fast—changing your speed every thirty-five yards. Dempsey, Tunney, Louis all do road work this way. It builds endurance and stamina.

6. Drink at least eight glasses of water a day, unless otherwise directed by your physician.

7. Always get at least eight hours of sleep a night. One hour of sleep before midnight, whenever possible, is invaluable. Also, sometime during the day, stretch out on a sofa for fifteen minutes and daydream and relax. It's a tonic for your nerves.

8. It is important that you do not overeat. Refuse that second helping, and stop when you want more. Furthermore, improper mastication brings on ill health. And you must remember, too, that the digestive fluids will not handle an excess of starches and sugars.

9. Never permit perspiration to remain on your body. Always use clean towels, keeping a separate towel for the face. The body poisons are very harmful to the eyes, so never wipe the face with the same towel you use on your body.

10. Take a hot bath at least once a week before retiring. This is very soothing. I've recommended this to R. A. F. flyers with great results.

11. If tired during the afternoon, eat two lumps of sugar. If your rationed sugar is low, then eat a pure chocolate bar, which has the same value. This will yield energy whenever you lapse, but should not be made a habit.

12. Give your body a good rubbing with ordinary table salt once a week. Rub the fine salt gently on your wet body, thus stimulating the activity of the blood capillaries and leaving the skin glowing.

13. The shower must be used right. Begin with warm water to open the pores. Next, lather the skin well with soap. Rinse with warm water, and finish with a cold shower to close the pores. Dry with rough towels.

14. Never, never eat when overtired or greatly excited. It is better to skip the entire meal than to force food on a digestive system tired from physical exhaustion or mental strain.

15. Don't smoke immediately upon arising. For, while sleeping, your breathing is shallow. Give your lungs a chance to fill up full with pure fresh air. Then, if you wish, smoke moderately.

Anyway, there, in brief, you have plenty of ammunition to be used in winning back good sound health!

But now we come to another item. Constructive exercise. Regular and systematic use of your muscles sends the blood into the veins and feeds the cells which make up your vital organs.

Naturally, if you can afford to go to a good gymnasium where trained conditioners can supervise your efforts, you have an advantage. There you will obtain a graduated course of work that will melt your excess fat away (in ten years I've taken 9,000 pounds of fat off human bodies) and strengthen your muscles and steady your nerves.

However, if you can't avail yourself of this privilege, you can still help yourself. Any good book of exercises borrowed from your public library will provide you with simple routines.

Right here I can give you something

Tennis is only one of the many activities that help vivacious Ginger Rogers to keep fit. As with most Hollywood stars, regular exercise plays an important part in her daily routine.

to start with. It consists of a brief condensed program of health, in digest form. I might call it my Victory Exercises—Working Time: Ten Minutes.

These exercises won't make you healthy in one morning, or two, or a week. They must be done persistently. Go easy the first weeks. Then increase each exercise. Then double it as you become stronger. Don't give up. Try the Victory Exercises for three months without halt. If you're not a new person at the end of that time, send me a time bomb collect!

First of all, see that the windows of the room where you exercise are wide open. Remember to breathe deeply throughout the workout. Before starting in—and this is important—warm up for a minute. If you have a rope handy, skip rope—fast, slow, fast, slow. If you have no rope, try stationary running. Run on your toes, with arms in natural running position. Change your pace as you run in one place. Trot. Then sprint. This will prepare you for the exercises to follow. It will increase circulation and prevent stiffness and strained muscles.

VICTORY EXERCISES

1. **Floor Push-ups.** Stretch out on the floor, your stomach and knees down against the floor. Keep knees rigid and hands flat on floor. Now, using your arms to jack you up, push your body up until your arms are at full length from floor. Do this slowly, inhaling as you lift your body, and exhaling as you lower it to the floor again. Do this four or five times to start with. As you grow stronger, repeat the exercise eight times, working up to a maximum of fifteen push-ups at the end of three months. This exercise will develop your arms, chest, and shoulders.

2. **Midsection and Liver Squeeze.** Lie down on the floor again, on your back this time. Then, with your hands clasped behind your neck, body rigid, slowly try to raise your head and shoulders about a foot and a half off the floor without lifting legs or using hands. Then slowly return it to your normal position. This is a great one for your internal organs and midsection. Start by doing it twice, increase to four times the second week, and build up to twelve repetitions.

3. **Floor Bend.** Stand erect, legs together, fists clenched at sides, knees and elbows stiff. Now bend forward from hips, touching floor with fists, and without bending your knees. Exhale as you lower your body and inhale when you straighten up. Try this six times a morning, until it's easy. Then work up to twelve times. This will toughen the lower part of your back and the muscles of your midsection.

4. **Scissors.** Stretch out flat on your back, arms at your sides. Lift both feet about six inches off the floor. Now bring your left leg up as high as possible without bending the knee. Then, as you lower the left leg, swing the right leg up. Keep alternating them as fast as possible, using your legs as scissors to cut the air, and never letting them touch the floor. Start by doing this six times. At the end of three months you will find yourself doing it thirty times without strain. It's superlative for the lower section of the abdomen.

5. **Knee Bend on Toes.** Stand erect with your feet about eight inches apart and your arms stretched out like wings. Begin by bending to a squatting position, with your back rigid. Keep your arms out. As you rise, inhale, then go down again, exhaling. All the time you are on your toes. Do this about eight times a session. Later twelve times. Finally, twenty-five times. This knee bend will develop the muscles of your legs and back.

Well, that's enough to start with.

The importance of these exercises rests purely on persistence. Keep after them for three solid months, each time increasing each one, and you won't recognize yourself at the end of that time. Then go to the library or a gymnasium and learn exercises that are more complicated, if you like. But always keep going!

In addition to your daily Victory Exercises, develop an active interest in one or more outdoor sports. As I have said, walking is the basic one for people of all ages. If you are young and your heart is good, tennis, badminton, and handball are excellent. If older, you might substitute golf or swimming. But, whatever you do, don't overtax or strain yourself. Never permit yourself to get weary at games. And even in the exercises, rest after each one. But by resting I don't mean sitting. A sudden halt after exercise plays havoc with the heart. You should walk about until the heart slows down.

So, get set now. Take care of your body, and it'll help take care of America. Mobilize your health for an all-out!

Chin out! Stomach in!

THE END

ENEMY OUTPOST

Murder and terror stalk through the north woods in an exciting new novel of war and Nazi intrigue

BY JAMES SAXON CHILDERS

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

ON Sunday morning, July 5, 1942, William McDonald, owner of a chain of department stores that stretched from Kansas City to New York, was fishing on Loon Lake, in the Province of Quebec. His guide was at their temporary camp. Suddenly three airplanes appeared above him and started to dive. McDonald waved his arms and shouted, "You can't land here, you fools! The lake is too small. . . ."

Back at the Moose Club, from which McDonald had started on his trail trip, there arrived, that same Sunday afternoon, a pleasant young man named Michael Kilpatrick, who said he was a geologist and asked permission to study the rock formations on the Moose Club land. He met Sally, McDonald's daughter, who told him that the club had been founded by her father, his friend, Ed Carroll, and Judge Puckett. Two years ago they had taken in a Mr. Beck and his son Christopher. These people, with Dorothy Tyler, Beck's sister-in-law, and Mrs. Puckett, the judge's wife, were the only ones, besides the Indian guides, who were at the club now.

When Kilpatrick got to his cabin he studied a map for some time. Then he said, "This Moose Club is as near as I can get. That is, if I don't want to get blown to pieces."

Meanwhile, Christopher and Mr. Beck were in the icehouse, burying the body of Moses Bigfoot, who had been Beck's guide for two years, and whom they had murdered. Christopher, suspicious of Kilpatrick, then went to Kakiwani and put through a call, making inquiries about him. He returned the next evening, just after Judge Puckett had flown into a rage on hearing a radio report of sabotage at a defense plant.

Christopher reported to Mr. Beck that Kilpatrick was *not* a geologist. "If he tries to interfere with us before next Sunday night, the twelfth, I shall kill him," he said.

In Chicago, on Tuesday morning, a Mr. Higginbotham, owner of a cleaning and dyeing company, after having received a secret message hidden in a suit sent him to be cleaned, said he was going on a trip to Kansas City—but left the train at Joliet, where he was met by a car that headed back toward Chicago.

"The time has been decided," said Mr. Higginbotham to the driver. "It will be next Sunday, the twelfth."

At Moose Camp, Mike, interested in pretty Sally McDonald, allowed himself to be persuaded to stay a few days more, although he had intended to go on to Old Woman's Lake where, according to some remarks dropped by the guides, he suspected he might find clues that would help him penetrate the mystery he had come north to solve.

Tuesday,
July 7, 1942.

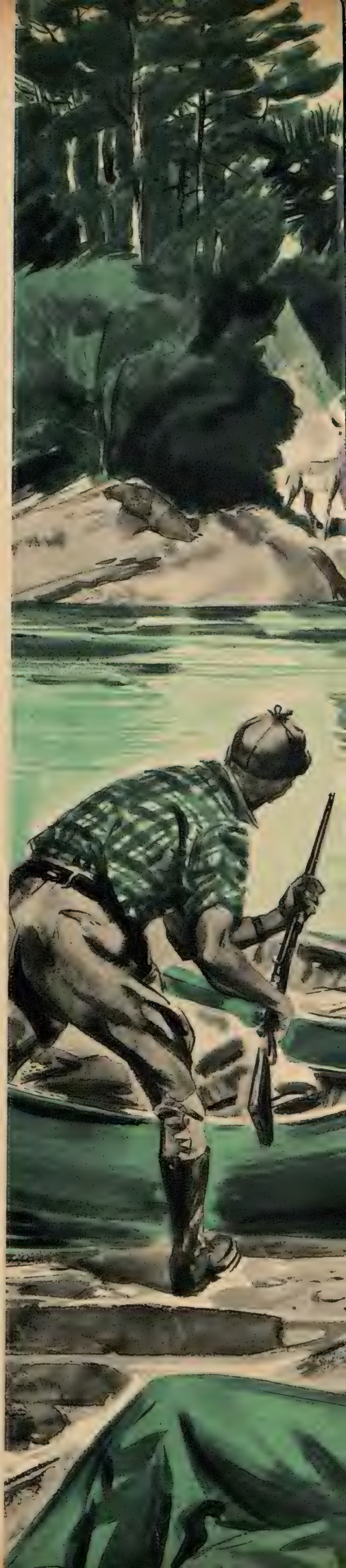
MR. BECK turned away from Sally and Mike and went to the door of the veranda. At his summons, Dorothy Tyler came into the room, walking with a free easy swing of her hips.

"This ridiculous fellow," Mr. Beck told her, "is talking about going off to work and not staying for the dance tomorrow night."

"Why, of course he must stay!" she exclaimed. She went over to Mike and took his arm. She linked her other through Sally's. "Come on," she said. "Let's go down to the boathouse. Chris is there and we'll get our guides and all go fishing."

Sally did not like the idea of the foursome; but aloud she demurred because old Jock, her guide, was not in camp.

"Jock not here? Where is he?" Mr. Beck spoke in a voice so sharp that Mike turned and stared. Instantly Mr. Beck was smiling again. "I didn't



ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY LUHRS

Suddenly the deer stopped. Sally was thinking how precious he looked, when Christopher fired.

know Jock was going away," he added in his usual tone.

Dorothy urged Mike and Sally out of the door. "Never mind," she said. "If we're short a guide we'll fish two in a canoe. One can troll."

They set out in the big motorboat, with two canoes tied on astern. At Broken Nose Point, Johnny Buckshot cut the motor and Solomon Rat paddled forward alongside.

"You get in first," Sally said to Mike. "You sit in the bow."

"Aye, captain." He touched his forehead in salute. "I don't know much about these pesky canoes."

"We noticed that, the first day you paddled up to camp," she said, stepping into the canoe herself and taking her place in the center.

"Meet you for lunch at the big cedar beyond the bend." Christopher pointed ahead.

Mike and Sally had already set up their rods, and as soon as the motorboat had gone on downstream, they began to cast so well that within an hour they had caught all they wanted. So, drifting and paddling, they went along to the big cedar. Since the others were not yet in sight, Mike and Sally walked along the beach.

MIKE looked at her. He had never known a girl who was so beautiful. He looked at her again and told himself she was beautiful, though he knew some men might not agree with him because they wanted a kind of beauty that was so obvious. He had never known a beautiful girl who could tell how the moose swam a lake, how the wolves had drunk and the deer had danced.

And neither of them quite understood how it happened, but somehow he took her hand, and she took his, and they swung their hands between them like a boy and a girl who have just discovered the bewildering excitement of holding hands.

They were not talking; though suddenly, inside, neither of them was quiet. Alone with each other, and eager to be alone, yet afraid to look at each other for fear of what their eyes might tell, they wandered along, quite forgetting that Christopher Beck and Dorothy Tyler were coming to meet them, until they saw the canoe come out from an inlet and head upstream toward them.

After lunch the guides packed the plates and cups. Christopher got up from the log where he had been sitting. (He's a peculiar fellow, Mike was thinking, and I don't like him; not because he's obviously making a play for Sally. I don't like those cold searching eyes.) Christopher held out his hand to Sally and helped her up. "What about changing partners this afternoon? Suit you?" he asked Mike.

It didn't suit Mike at all, but he said, "Oh, sure. That's just dandy." He looked over at Dorothy Tyler. "We'll show 'em how to catch fish, won't we?"

"Now, let's see." Christopher stood for a minute thinking, then said, "Suppose I come in your canoe with you, Sally. Then, Mike, you get in with Dorothy and Johnny Buckshot."

As the two canoes left the shore at the same time, Christopher called, "We'll meet back here at five o'clock."

If Mike couldn't have Sally for the afternoon, he wished that at least he might have kept his own guide. Solomon Rat was a big friendly fellow who would talk about the bush and tell entertaining stories about hunting and trapping. But Johnny Buckshot was a silent, almost sullen, Indian. Sally had told Mike that all the other guides had been in camp for years, but Johnny and his wife Rose had been brought in by the Becks only two summers before.

"He's not fun, like the other guides," she said. "But he never goes out with any one except Christopher, so he doesn't bother the rest of us."

Mike and Dorothy Tyler fished on down the Narrows.

"Why were you so anxious to go away this morning?" Dorothy inquired. "Aren't you having a good time here?" Her eyes were a little closed as she looked at him. Like an old campaigner, Mike smelled powder and was quick to warn himself.

"I'm having a marvelous time," Mike answered. "But I'm not up here just to play. I must get to work."

"What fun is there in that?"

"Well, it's my job," he said. "It's my career."

"That all you've ever done? You've always been a geologist?"

"No." He turned his head to her. "When I was a kid I carried newspapers and worked in a grocery store. At the university I washed dishes and waited on tables—a fellow has to get through somehow, doesn't he?" He smiled at her and she smiled back, a slow hazy smile that said: Really, there's so much more.

As he looked at her, he kept warning himself: Watch out. This woman can cause me a lot of trouble. She's bored and is looking for something new, and I happen to be handy. I wonder how old she is—she looks thirty-five, so she's probably forty.

"TELL me about the geological formations around here," she said.

All right, he thought, if you want to make a nuisance of yourself—I didn't study all those geology books for nothing. He was delivering a brief scientific lecture when suddenly Johnny Buckshot spoke. "Storm," he said.

Mike looked back at the short stocky Indian in the stern of the canoe. Johnny lifted his head and pointed with his chin toward the south where high clouds were scurrying.

"Bad storm," Johnny said. "Come quick."

Dorothy spoke impatiently: "Well, what do you suggest we do about it?"

"Go to shore."

"Then let's do it. And quick."

Johnny spun the canoe with a deep stroke of the paddle and turned it to the bank. He was only halfway to the shore when the sound of the wind rose; they could hear it plainly, coming from far off. When they were ashore, Johnny began to pull the canoe out of the water.

Dorothy caught his arm. "What are you doing that for?"

He explained that he would lash the canoe, bottom up, to two trees, and they would all lie under it and keep dry.

"But there's no sense in doing that," she said. "There's a cabin back in the bush somewhere. The lumbermen built it last year. We'll go to it."

"That cabin long way off, miss. Storm he here quick."

She said, like a whip striking, "We'll go to that cabin."

Johnny turned and stalked off into the bush. She started after him, then stopped suddenly. "I left my jacket in the canoe. It will be drenched. Come back with me, Mike."

NOW the wind was bending the tops of the sobbing trees and sending the water crashing to the northern shore. Dorothy caught Mike's hand and they raced back to the canoe. She stooped and tugged at her jacket as if having difficulty getting it from under the seat.

"Here, Mike, get it for me," she begged.

When he stooped for it she took off her hat and dropped it upon the water.

"Oh, never mind my jacket!" she cried. "The wind got my hat. Mike—Mike—please. Get in the canoe. Hurry."

Mike stepped into the canoe and moved along to the stern, reaching for the hat. It was floating away fast.

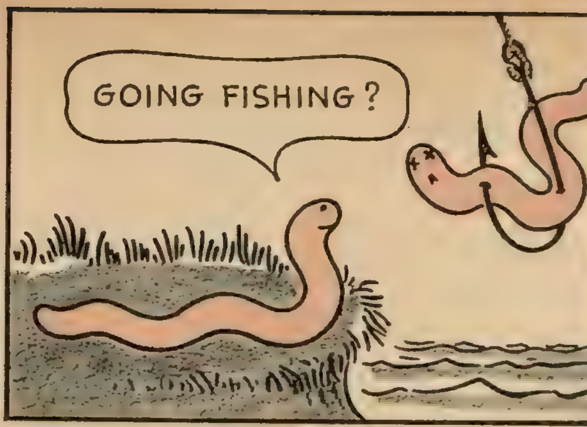
"Oh, dear, it's my favorite camp hat. Reach out and get it. Please."

While Dorothy talked, she pushed the canoe from the shore. The instant the sand no longer held it, the wind caught it and whirled it out into the current. It tipped and tilted. Smiling that slow hazy smile as if she were pleased with herself for being quick to take advantage of a sudden opportunity, she stood watching, even after the rain came and drenched her. When the hail crashed, blotting out everything, she turned and ran back into the bush.

It had all happened so suddenly that Mike did not know how, or actually what, had happened until the canoe was swirling away from the shore and he was trying to balance it. He took up a paddle and tried to use it, but his first stroke almost capsized him. So he dropped it and sat gripping the sides of the canoe as the wind drove it over the water.

Fiercely he held on as the wind and the rain lashed down. Once he thought he saw the shore. Then he tugged at the sides of the canoe, but he could not turn it. Suddenly the hail came, so thick that it seemed to strike him as one solid continuous blow. He bowed his head, but the beating on it was so painful that he raised it and leaned forward to reach for a cushion to cover him. While he was off balance, the wind overturned the canoe.

The rain and the hail had been hideously cold, but the water was warm and comfortable to his body. He struck out, but at once his hand crashed into something solid. Pain shot up his arm and deep into his shoulder, swift like a twisting knife. But he caught at what he had struck. It was the canoe. The upturned bottom, smooth and wet, slid from beneath his palm. Then he felt underneath for the crossbar and found it. He put his head under water and tried to force himself under the canoe to escape the hail; but he became entangled with the crossbar and could not at once get his head free of the water. Aching for air, he rose to the surface again.


GOING FISHING?

Holding on became difficult. His arms and legs grew limp. If only he could get to shore, he could rest. Why not turn loose and swim? His head slowly sank until it was under water. There was a faint ache in him somewhere and he struggled up again. He would turn loose and float. . . . He would turn loose . . . and . . . float. . . .

There was a fierce smash and the canoe shuddered as it was hurled onto the shore.

Tuesday afternoon,
July 7, 1942.

FLOATING upward out of darkness, Mike Kilpatrick opened his eyes.

"Thank heaven," he heard Sally say.

"Here, drink this." Mike felt his head lifted by Christopher, kneeling beside him, holding a cup to his lips.

Mike swallowed the hot tea. He tried to say it was good, but there was so much effort in speaking and he was dreadfully tired.

"Mike—Mike—how are you now?" Dorothy was leaning over him, her black hair hanging about her face like an ebony frame.

His lips half said, "I'm all right." His eyes would not stay open.

"Tell me he'll be all right." Dorothy spoke to Christopher, pleading with him. "Tell me there's nothing wrong."

"No, there's nothing wrong. We'll just let him sleep."

"I still don't see how it happened," Sally said.

Dorothy was looking down at Mike intently and she seemed not to hear.

"When you didn't come to meet us at the cedar tree," Sally said, "we started out in the motorboat to look for you. We found the canoe on the shore and Mike lying there in the sand. What was he doing alone in the canoe?"

"Sally"—Dorothy looked up, then suddenly buried her face in her hands—"oh, Sally, it was all my fault."

"Now—now—hold it. Let's not dis-

BY KATY
LOOK NO HANDS!

cuss it now." Christopher put his hand on her arm. But Dorothy gave them her version of the accident. She held her open hands before her. "I'll never forgive myself," she said, her voice trembling.

"You mean you let him get in that canoe, with that storm coming, just to get your hat?" Sally spoke quietly, but her face was drawn and there was a splotch of color in each cheek.

Dorothy buried her face in her hands, sobbing, "What more can I say? I admit it's my fault."

Mike pushed himself up painfully. He got over to Dorothy and tried to quiet her.

"But, Mike"—her bowed head was close to him, her hair was touching him—"suppose something really had happened to you."

"But nothing really did happen," he said. He pulled her hands away from her face. "Look up. That's right. Come on—smile." When she did smile, she looked full at him. He put his arm around her and patted her shoulder. "Now everybody's happy again."

Sally turned suddenly away and went to Solomon Rat.

"Get the stuff into the boat," she said. "Let's go back to camp."

That night, after supper, Sally went and sat on the bench in front of the main lodge, hunched up with her arms around her knees, looking over beyond the big lake to where the moon had just cleared Pine Mountain and was sailing out into the sky. Some of the dogs began to howl at it.

They're lonely and they're talking, Sally thought. She felt lonely too. She got up and walked around the corner of the lodge. She hadn't intended to look toward the little bear's tree, but she did. By the light of the moon she could see the chain dangling and the empty collar. She went on to the guides' shack. None of them, she found, had heard anything of Jock.

SHE felt more and more forlorn. Her father was away from camp. Jock was gone. And now this afternoon Mike Kilpatrick had put his arm around that Tyler woman. She sat in the shack awhile, but the guides' stories didn't seem as good as usual, so presently she went back to the main lodge, telling herself that Dorothy Tyler had nothing to do with the way she felt.

Judge Puckett, Mrs. Puckett, Mr. Beck, and Christopher were playing bridge.

"Here," the judge called, "come take my hand. They're too good for me."

But Sally begged off and went over to the table where Uncle Ed Carroll was tying a fly that was destined to catch the biggest durned trout ever taken out of Blue Lake—Uncle Ed himself was saying so, while Dorothy Tyler and Mike looked on and listened.

"How are you feeling now?" Sally asked Mike politely. "Your head any better?"

"It's all right now," he told her. "All forgotten."

"Sally," said Dorothy, smiling pleasantly, "that's an adorable slack suit—I meant to tell you at dinner. It's perfect with your hair."

"Perfect," said Mike. "Right, Mr. Carroll?"

"Right, Mr. Kilpatrick."

"Thank you," said Sally politely.

What's the matter? Mike asked himself. What have I done to her? All evening she's been acting funny.

"Wonder how long before your dad will come in," Uncle Ed said.

"I don't know. Maybe another week yet."

"Sort of miss the old weasel." Uncle Ed finished his work on a small yellow fly with red markings.

Sally went off to the sofa. She picked up a magazine and began to turn the pages. In a few moments Mike got up and mixed a drink. "Feel as if I could use one of these." He took his glass and went over to the bridge table, then onto the sofa.

"Going to dance with me tomorrow night?" he asked Sally.

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needn't worry *YOUR* throat!

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"I'd like to." Sally's voice was cool. "I'm not much good at it. I'll probably step on your toes."

She wanted to say: Oh, Mike, you've already stepped on them. Why were you so sweet to her, while you treated me as if I weren't there?

"It won't matter. Some of the others are not good dancers," she said.

What have I done to her? Mike kept asking himself. There on the beach today I thought she liked me.

"Perhaps I don't feel so good, after all," he said. "I think I'll go to bed."

Oh, Mike, don't go, said Sally's heart. Not with us like this toward each other. Tell me you're sorry you treated me like that.

"Good night," she said.

Judge Puckett took out his watch. "You mustn't go yet." He put down his cards, got up and went across to the radio. "Time for the news."

Official communiqués from Washington were read. The War Department's bulletin for the day reported the fighting of American soldiers and airmen at the different fronts where our troops were engaged. The Navy Department hinted at major operations at sea.

Then the announcer said: "Akron, Ohio: A terrific explosion tonight destroyed two thirds of the Martindale Rubber Plant and left the remainder in flames. Twenty-eight persons are known to have been killed and sixty-three injured. The explosion was timed to occur as one shift of workmen was going off and another coming on, thus catching a double number of men and women in the plant and destroying not only the plant itself but endangering the lives of the largest possible number of workmen."

Judge Puckett shook a finger high above him. "I'll just be hanged if I can—"

"E. V."

The judge swallowed hard. "All right, mother," he said, and came back to the table and picked up his cards again. "I bid six spades." He sat there glaring.

"I double," said Mr. Beck pleasantly.

ON this same Tuesday night an automobile stopped in front of a small hotel in Ogdensburg, New York. Mr. Higginbotham got out. He took a medium-priced room at the hotel.

"Gregory Holloway," he wrote in the register. He carried his own bag upstairs.

After he had had his bath and his dinner, Mr. Higginbotham drove his car to a filling station.

"I'll have ten gallons, please," he said, as the man came hurrying out of the station and went to the pump. Then Mr. Higginbotham corrected himself: "I guess you might as well fill it up."

"Thank you, sir," the attendant said, setting his gauge. "We'll fill it all the way."

As they were standing there, waiting for the tank to be filled, Mr. Higginbotham pointed toward the water gleaming under the moon. "So that's the big river, is it? That's the St. Lawrence?"

"Yes, sir, that's the St. Lawrence."

"Then Canada is just over there."

"That's right, sir, only just across the river."

The attendant held the nozzle of the hose in the tank until he thought the tank was almost full, then he bent forward to listen. Mr. Higginbotham bent over to listen, too. Their heads were close together. Mr. Higginbotham said, "The time is set for next Sunday, July 12."

Wednesday,
July 8, 1942.

ON the morning after he was nearly drowned, Mike Kilpatrick slept late. It was after ten when he strolled around the corner of the lodge and came upon Sally. She sat on the edge of the porch, rubbing grease on an old collie's ears.

"So you're a doctor, are you?" Mike said.

She looked up. "The flies chew them unmercifully in the summer," she told him. Then she was saying to herself: Well, there he is. Why don't you go on and admit you were a donkey last night? You told yourself all night you would admit it. Go on, tell him you acted like a silly little high-school girl. But instead she inquired politely, "None the worse for your ducking?"

"Not a bit."

She lifted the dog's head, inspecting her work. "All done now," she said. The old collie walked off stiffly, going away to lie in the sun and sleep.

Sally looked up at Mike. The sun was in her eyes, and she held up a greasy hand to shade them. "Say, look here," she said, "how does a fellow say she's sorry?"

Mike sat down beside her. "Sorry for what?"

"For last night. For the way I behaved—all that formality and extra politeness."

Mike had guessed that she had been jealous of Dorothy Tyler, which meant she was interested in him; and he liked that very much.

"Why did you do it?" he asked, wanting confirmation of his guess and also wanting to press his advantage a bit.

"I don't know." Sally wasn't going to tell him everything. "I acted like a child, didn't I?"

"You know," he said, "I'm crazy about children—that is, when they have brown eyes and red hair, and are sitting on the back porch of the main lodge."

She was laughing as she got up. "Want to go fishing?"

"I'd love it."

"It'll have to be a foursome again."

"Why?" Mike asked.

"We're still short of guides. Jock isn't back, nor Moses Bigfoot. And there's another reason, too."

"You mean you'd just prefer a foursome—is that it?"

"I don't mean any such thing, and you know it. But yesterday I was catty to Dorothy, and for the sake of peace all around, let's invite them to go with us."

"If that's the way it is, Sally—O. K."

"Then I'll be back in a minute."

She went in and washed the grease from her hands and got a scarf and tied it around her hair, picked up her jacket, and joined Mike. They went to hunt up Christopher Beck and Dorothy Tyler.

It was late morning when the four finally got started in the motorboat, with the canoes lashed on behind. They crossed the big lake, turned sharply into the entrance of Hammer Bay, and beached the motorboat. Then Christopher suggested they fish as they had done the morning before—Sally with Mike, Dorothy with him.

"Let's not do anything as we did yesterday," Dorothy said, shuddering. "I never want to think of that day again. When I think of what might have happened!"

Sally was jerking away at a rope and didn't look up.

When the canoes were untied, Sally and Mike got in with Solomon Rat; Dorothy and Christopher and Johnny Buckshot got into the other canoe.

They fished until noon, then met on the beach and had lunch. Afterward they sat smoking while Solomon and Johnny cleaned the dishes and packed them. They were not talking, only looking out over the water, when a stick snapped in the bush across the narrow neck of the bay. Then another stick snapped. The wind was blowing strong toward them and whatever was in the bush could not smell them as it came on toward the bay. Christopher moved forward quickly to his canoe and lifted out his rifle. He knelt, the gun resting in his hands.

A SMALL deer walked out of the bush, then stopped. Timidly he peered about him, his ears, that seemed so large for his small body, erect. Suddenly he stopped. Sally was thinking how precious he looked, when Christopher fired.

The deer buckled. He lay still on the sand for a minute, then struggled up. Christopher fired again, and the deer fell over on his side. He lay in the sand, his head and legs thrashing. They could hear him sobbing, like a man terribly injured. Then the sobbing ended and he was still.

"I think," said Sally, "that I'm going to be sick. I know I am," she said, and clapped her hands over her mouth as she ran across the beach and into the bush.

"What's the matter with her?" Christopher asked.

"I don't know," Dorothy said.

Mike noticed that Christopher's face was splotched, as if the shooting had excited him. The killing of the deer was none of his business, but Mike couldn't keep from saying, "Maybe she got sick at seeing such a small deer shot."

"He's not so small. There're some good steaks on him." Christopher handed his rifle to Johnny Buckshot. "Go get him, Johnny."

Sally came out and went down to

the edge of the lake and began to bathe her face. Christopher went to her. "What's the matter, Sally?"

After a minute, she said, "Nothing."

"But you've seen deer shot before, Sally."

"Yes, but they've always been deer. I never saw a fawn shot before."

"That's no fawn. He's big enough to eat. Besides," Christopher said, unmistakably pleased, "that was a difficult shot."

"Next time you want some target practice, suppose you use something besides a baby deer."

Sitting back on the shore, Dorothy turned to Mike. "Why is she talking that way. What's a deer?"

"Well," he said, "since you ask me, I think a deer is a very beautiful animal. Particularly a small deer."

"But if Chris wanted to shoot it, why shouldn't he? And why make a show about it? That's the trouble with you Americans: you're soft—you're sentimental and soft. You haven't—" Mike was looking straight at her when she realized what she had said. In an instant the color was gone from her face.

Attempted murder—and now a new clue for Mike. Will the plotters try to get rid of him again? Is Sally in danger? Don't miss the next chapter.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

1—The British Commandos.

2—The minute worms inside it.

3—Five.

4—The initials U. S., which used to appear on our money. The "S" is said to be written over the "U."

5—Racing. Shut Out won the Derby.

6—Except where it detours around islands, it lies on the 180th meridian.

7—Homer.

8—Elephant. Proboscidians were animals with long noses.

9—Yes. There are about twenty-eight days between full moons. Whenever the full moon comes on the opening days of the month, there is time for it to be at the full again before the month ends.

10—It stands for the Pipe, Wire Products and Galvanized Sheet Jobbers Subcommittee of the Iron and Steel Industry Advisory Committee, Bureau of Industrial Advisory Committees, Division of Industrial Operations, War Production Board.

11—A gallows. In olden days, criminals were "strung up" on trees lining the banks of the Tyburn in London.

12—No. He must either sign the bill as is, or veto it.

13—King John signed the Magna Charta in a meadow of that name.

14—One holding a minor government post who likes to show authority.

15—It meant money. Certain nations of Europe agreed that a prisoner of war could be ransomed for a quarter of his pay. But if the country holding the prisoner refused to "give quarter" by releasing him, or if the other side "asked no quarter"—then no mercy was shown.

16—A luminous spot sometimes seen near the horizon during a fog.

17—General Zachary Taylor.

18—Ozone.

19—Prize courts, under international law, determine who gets ships and cargoes seized in war.

20—Jack Blackburn, Joe Louis' trainer. Louis, of course, is the "big fellow."

The Handy Twins lead the parade with proof that
PEPSODENT POWDER
makes teeth
TWICE AS BRIGHT

HI! I'M CHARLENE:
...AND PEPSODENT MADE IT EASY TO KNOW I'M SHIRLEY!

"YOU MAY HAVE SEEN US...performing as drum majorettes...at the Chicago Bears' football games...or other places. You know we really do look a lot alike. When we made the tooth powder test, Mother suggested that Shirley be the one to use Pepsodent. I chose another leading brand."

"IT SURE TURNED OUT to be a swell suggestion...for Shirley! While her teeth had never been quite as bright as mine, after she used Pepsodent her teeth became easily *twice as bright!* Mother was so impressed she immediately switched to Pepsodent and could hardly wait 'til I did."

HANDY TWINS TEST AND CONFIRM THIS FACT:
INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL TEST, PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE **TWICE AS BRIGHT** AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

"Two Cheers! Pepsodent leads the parade with us!"
PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

For the safety of your smile...
use Pepsodent twice a day...
see your dentist twice a year!

UNCLE SAM'S HOT SPOT

Girls from the hit musical, Sons o' Fun, give the guests a lesson in dancing.

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN

A playboy in top hat, white tie, and tails would need a sizable bank roll to buy this kind of entertainment in New York's night clubs and theaters, but men in uniform enjoy it for nothing. Everything's free for them at the Stage Door Canteen, that favorite spot of service men over on Forty-fourth Street, west of Broadway, in New York City. There, nightly at six o'clock, a lively one-hour show starts the evening's fun. Later, between seven and midnight, bright stars of stage, screen, and radio drop in to put on their own particular specialties. Volunteer junior hostesses—young actresses, theatrical office workers, models (see photographs for further information)—dance with the uniformed guests. In between times they hand out sandwiches and drinks and cigarettes.

Since its opening, the Canteen has catered to no fewer than 1,200 men a night. And no wonder! Our boys are far too smart to let such a star-studded opportunity as this slip through their fingers.

Photographed for Liberty by European Picture Service

It's six o'clock and the big one-hour show of the
is on. It seems to rate plenty of smiles and a

With the free drinks and sandwiches go smiles from pretty junior hostesses

The hostesses double as dancing partners of lucky guys in uniform.

Girls who droppe
to do their act e
watching another

THIS IS AMERICA

army likes learning to dance—
why not, with such teachers!

Katherine Bard, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy's actress daughter, chats with a sailor.

Vivacious Gertrude Lawrence, star of Lady in the Dark, does a song and dance between shows.

At the Canteen you get to dance with the town's best-looking girls. Ask the man who's been there!

The check boy here is Hume Cronyn, a young actor last seen on the stage as leading man in Mr. Big.

e volunteer junior hostesses have a
iform too. It's a gay striped apron.

Winnifred Seeley, a specialty girl from Sons o' Fun, puts on her act at the Canteen—and it's plenty good!

An appreciative audience watches an act.

THIS MAN'S WAR

BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PLEASE answer this question: Does the Army participate in the benefits derived from the funds collected for Navy relief? I am contributing my share, and will continue to do so, in so far as my earning capacity permits; but I am vitally interested in the Army angle because I am a veteran of the A. E. F., although I am now a civilian employee of the Navy.

B. L. O., Norfolk, Va.

The Army has its own similar agency, the Army Emergency Fund, which I was glad to explain and recommend recently on this page. And I welcome this opportunity to say a word for the Navy Relief Society, which does for the Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard what the new A. E. F. does for the Army. The N. R. S. has hitherto depended on the generosity of the officers and men of the service and was able to carry out the slogan "The Navy Takes Care of Its Own." Now, in wartime, the needs of the Society are many times greater than ever before, and a national appeal for funds is being made for the first time. The goal is $5,000,000. The Society's purpose is this: no wife, no widow, no child, no mother, or other member of a Navy man's family shall suffer hardship if it can be prevented. A gift to the Navy's own fund is a tribute to the fighting American fleet and a method whereby the hardships of war can be more equitably distributed. Headquarters of the National Citizens' Committee are at 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

* * *

I'm one of those so-called "washouts" from an Army flying school, was transferred, and am now taking bombardier training. Let me say to the men who are afraid of washing out as I did: I've got all my original enthusiasm back—and how! Even makes me think that the washout was just a step I had to take in order to get here.

A/C P. K., Midland, Tex.

That's the spirit that wins wars. If you can't handle one job, go on to the next and put all you've got into it, and you'll probably find that you're happier than you ever thought you could be again.

* * *

Sarge, you're the official bet settler around here. Tell us whether this camp is in the Fourth or the Eighth Corps Area, so some one can pay off.

Pfc. H. A. N.,
Camp Claiborne, La.

Last April the State of Louisiana was transferred from the Fourth to the Eighth Corps Area. (At the same time Arkansas was transferred from the Seventh to the Eighth, Arizona from the Eighth to the Ninth, and Colorado from the Eighth to the Seventh.)

* * *

Just finished reading your page in April 25 Liberty, and was especially interested in your explanation of why no J company in the Army. I am an aviation cadet in Squadron I, Class '42, J, and I've heard that this class is the first to have a J.

Incidentally, I've been told at various times that there has never been a J company since General Custer's immortal last stand, when his J company was wiped out. After that J was retired, like Red Grange's 77. How true is that?

A/C E. J. A., Maxwell Field, Ala.

It may be true, but I doubt it, because I've heard similar explanations based on various famous battles over the last two centuries. It's a good story, anyhow.

* * *

I'm in the Armed Guard Division of the Navy, one of the men who ride the fantails of the oil tankers. My idea of the horrors of war is to risk my neck getting precious oil through, so that a jerk back home can drive my girl around in his car and try to get her away from me. I've just heard of the gas rationing, and am I delighted! *J. V. K.,*
Somewhere-on-Some-Water.

That, sailor, is what I call personalizing a problem, not to speak of a war. And how are his tires doin'?

MILITARY MISCELLANY

Physical requirements for Officer Candidate Schools have been modified in the case of certain dental and visual defects. For example, an applicant will be eligible for commission in certain branches of the Army if acuity is not below 20/200 in each eye without glasses, if correctable to 20/40 with glasses.

The Navy Department urges correspondents *not* to address letters to men on ships at any certain harbor, even if known to be there. Letters to Navy personnel on sea duty should be sent c/o the Postmaster, New York City, for the Atlantic area, and c/o the Postmaster, San Francisco, for the Pacific area. Local addresses are O. K. for personnel at shore stations or on Naval district craft.

A flying cadet is commissioned a second lieutenant upon successful completion of his course, even though only eighteen years old.

Enlisted men may take correspondence courses offered by the Army Institute at a $2 enrollment fee, or by many universities, of which the Army will bear half the cost up to $20.

The ten-year-old rule prohibiting marriage for Navy and Marine Corps officers for the first two years after receiving commissions has been washed out for the duration.

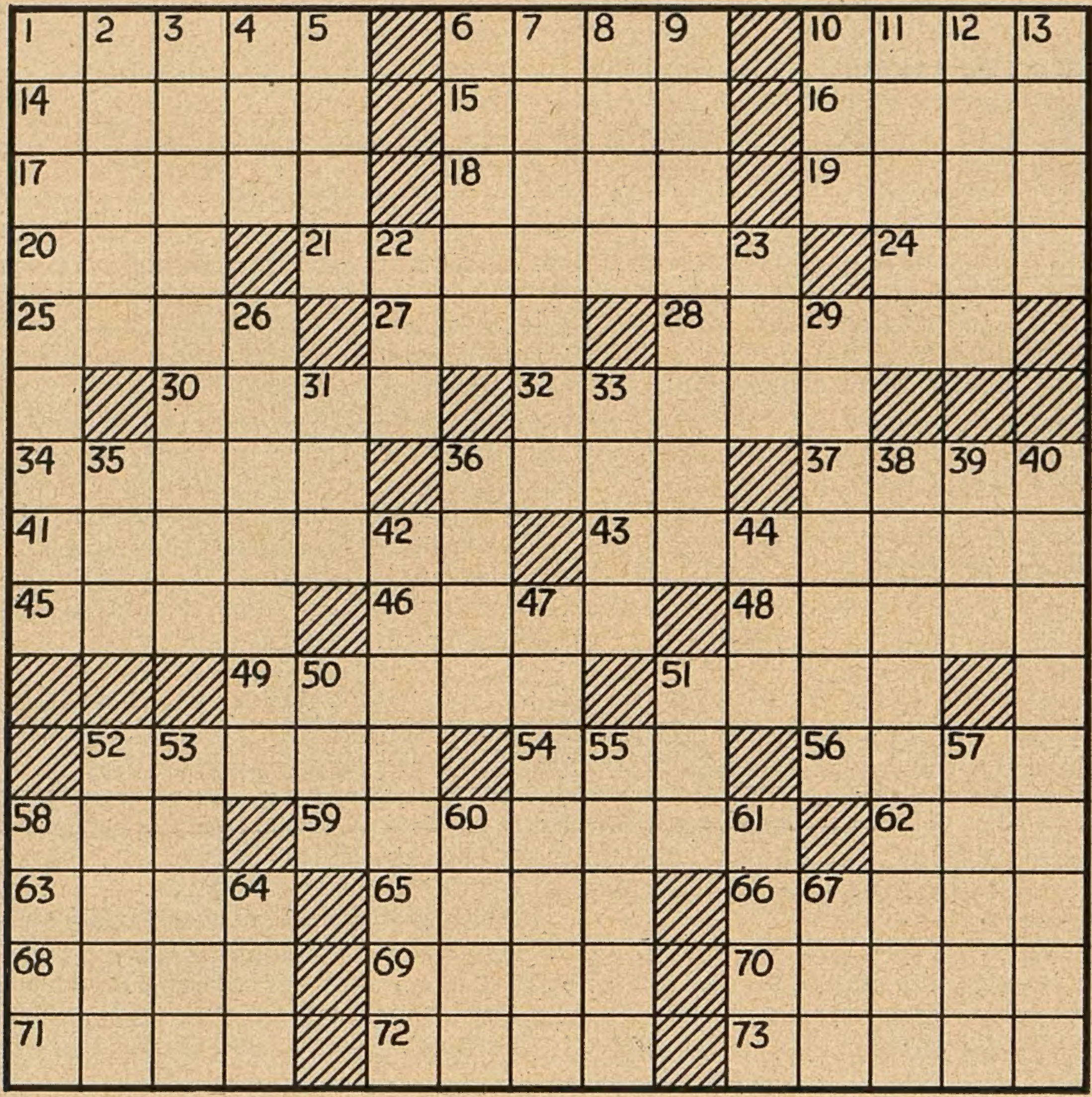
Free postage for the armed forces does *not* include air, special delivery, insured, or parcel-post mail.

The Army encourages college undergraduates to enlist as privates in the Air Force Enlisted Reserve on a deferred service basis and continue their studies until they are actually required for Army training.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Short and sweet
6 Bird of paradox, habitat: London; squawks loudly
10 Millionaire feet concealers and food receptacles
14 It's full of bullrushes
15 Snaky movement in the Hawaiian grass
16 Lend a hand
17 They cost $900, the rest of the car, $25
18 Fancy scribbling, daubing, eardrumming, etc.
19 How I like my war blondes
20 Messed-up aim, and big shot's boom (two words)
21 These birds repeat a lot of things they don't understand
24 Joosh lure (fem.)
25 Vot Hidler hass unter his bik mouth
27 What downhill skidders do on the bottom of their pants
28 Favorite Jap flowers
30 D'like to see the Russians serve them little theses of Molotov cocktails
32 What shoeing the hillbilly is
34 You can see it any time in the Mirror
36 A MacArthur
37 O'Hares, Kellys and A. V. Gs.
41 Ingressed
43 Son of Mrs. Hagar Abraham
45 A man of action
46 Hormonious feeling
48 The fruit of woe
49 Sourpusses
51 Kind of straits indigent cleaners are usually in
52 This is never dull
54 Aphrodite's cry, when spied on in her nightie
56 Circle 0000 is a what?
58 Bestow the Brooklyn burp
59 Never-never Say Die Land (pl.)
62 If cleaned and pressed, it can help win the war
63 What Hitler can make but never do
65 Opkins
66 It's a treasure, folks!
68 Lost in the soup
69 It'll keep baby from falling out of the carriage
70 Painful lands
71 This kind of gas is high, but you can pass anything with it
72 Means of carrying coals to Newcastle by sea
73 When air is applied to brass by pressure, these can cause metallic explosions

VERTICAL

1 That cat-containing-canary feeling
2 Heep big phony phellow
3 Burst a shell and cause an uprising in the spring, followed by a little shoot, in time a defense plant
4 One in Scotland
5 What sharp-tongued women do
6 Our navy's fed it a lot of brown meat recently
7 Put the shank's mare in high and stepped on it
8 Kind of woman who can get around the basses
9 They operate on the Spend-Louse Plan
10 Little step, son (Fr.)
11 Plush-lined and bottomed
12 When people hear of this, they clap (it's pretty deep!)
13 You can have a hell of a time on this river
22 He brays to the god Hitler
23 Consumer's favorite Light & Heat Co.
26 State of the really Deep, Deep South
29 Licked and pasted Washington on the back of the head
31 How to start getting personal
33 It's a blank as far as I'm concerned
35 L---p
36 Kind of machinery that works for Hitler (U. S.)
38 Though in the tropics, it's always 23 degrees below the equator
39 Marine electric manufacturer
40 Villainous quality
42 The apoplectic of the vegetable garden (though purple in the face, it's not a bad-looking egg)
44 What $140,000,000,000 ain't
47 Only thing Hitler's taken in Russia
50 No Republicans Allowed (abbr.)
51 Chief product of tank warfare
52 He finishes the entire bottle and even licks the label
53 What golf socks and golf have in common
55 Gamest fellow in the world
57 Helped win the war with money, rubber, and paper
58 Fresh shrimp
60 What the burros of Manhattan and Brooklyn do when annoyed
61 The backward movement in Japan
64 Put about thirty pounds in the inner tubes
67 It's in the air-waving business (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

H	O	B	O		G	L	A	C	E		S	T	O	W
A	V	E	R		R	A	M	A	L		H	O	P	I
L	U	N	A	T	I	C	■	N	I	C	E	■	A	N
E	M	E	T	I	N	■	D	A	T	A	■	O	L	D
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S	T	I	R	■	M	A	R	E	■	A	R	O	S	E
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N	A	M	E		E	D	U	C	E		S	L	I	M

Last week's answer

Pro-phy-lac-tic HAIR BRUSH and WILDROOT BARGAIN

Pro-phy-lac-tic
WILDROOT
WITH OIL
for the hair
3-ACTION
GROOMS THE H
RELIEVES

89¢ GENUINE PLASTIC BACK PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC HAIR BRUSH

$1.00 SIZE WILDROOT WITH OIL (OR REGULAR FORMULA)

~~$1.89~~ VALUE BOTH FOR-

98¢

DON'T DELAY BUY TODAY

LIMITED TIME ONLY!

Bargain Combination Offer includes 89¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Hair Brush and $1 size Wildroot-with-Oil or Wildroot Regular Formula (non-oily) . . . a $1.89 value. Both for 98¢! Genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic Hair Brush has gleaming plastic back and handle. Famous 3-Action Wildroot-with-Oil grooms the hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff. Get both brush and Wildroot from your drug store today at special 98¢ price! If dealer's stock is exhausted, send 98¢ (plus 10% Federal Tax) to Wildroot Company, Buffalo, New York.

PROFESSIONAL APPLICATIONS AT YOUR BARBER

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

WHAT DOES THE NEWS MEAN? What is behind it? If you understand its backgrounds and implications, what does it foretell? Many things reach the desks of Liberty's editors which you do not see in the magazine—information, some of it secret; interpretations, forecasts; guides to keep us ahead of, as well as abreast of, the times. These find their way to you sometimes indirectly: the timing and shaping and planning of articles reflect them. Editing a forward-looking magazine is a business that keeps us on our toes these days.

Liberty's correspondents are all over the world. Frequently their reports to us are extraordinarily revealing. This cable from London, for example, was duly censored —but it tells more than you are likely to learn in a week of newspaper reading:

"AGAIN THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE are homeless and many are still buried underneath the debris of buildings. This time no section of the country is safe, and there is no immediate hope of release from bombing, for it is the stated policy of the British government to bomb Germany unceasingly to divert the Luftwaffe from Russia and the Mediterranean. The people know this and are glad, though they live fearing that tonight they may be destroyed.

"At the same time they are asking whether the effort is good enough. Are they working hard enough? Are the armies and the fleet too scattered? Is the end in sight?

"Many think that a unified command of the three services is necessary immediately in order to change defeats to victories, and that the planning of war moves should be in the hands of generals—and furthermore that British and American efforts should be co-ordinated.

"PERHAPS, THEY ARE SAYING, it is strategically better to let India go for the moment. Russia and the Middle East are the most urgent problems. When Hitler is beaten we can polish off the Japs quickly enough.

"Those who want professionals to plan and run the war are agitating for a change of leadership before more political mistakes are made. But the Prime Minister's position for the present is not endangered. Recent by-elections show only undefined and unorganized impatience with the war progress and dissatisfaction with the party machine."

The words are few, but the picture of England today is complete—a free people, cherishing and exercising the right of free speech while they fight for it. Whether you read between the lines or not, the message is eloquent. Can you imagine such a report coming out of Berlin?

WE SPOKE UP THERE of editing "a forward-looking magazine." From time to time in the past, with pride which maybe you'll pardon, we have mentioned that coming events have an interesting, sometimes striking, way of casting their shadows before in Liberty. The news has been confirming that again of late.

Nearly two years ago, in an article published September 21, 1940, a Liberty reporter said: "Trade-unionism has reached every agricultural section of the country. Organized labor is ready for the big push." Unions for farmers, he maintained, were on the way, despite the fact that "Three governors told me in their sanctums no such thing as trade-unionism existed in their states. Fifty top-ranking farmers denied ever hearing of any such campaign." . . . Most folks were skeptical then—but a recent Washington dispatch reported: "Congressional attention was turned sharply today to the unionization of the farmer, a fast-spreading movement that brought leaders of agricultural organizations before a House judiciary subcommittee in mass protest." The Liberty reporter knew whereof he spoke.

In Liberty for August 24, 1940—again nearly two years ago—Walter Karig, under the title Germany's Grip on America's Defense, wrote of "Germany's secret penetration of many American industries and concealed ownership of many basic patents." Said Mr. Karig: "It sounds fantastic, doesn't it?" . . . It *did* sound fantastic then—but in recent weeks this same secret penetration and concealed ownership have been filling news columns and occupying a Congressional committee.

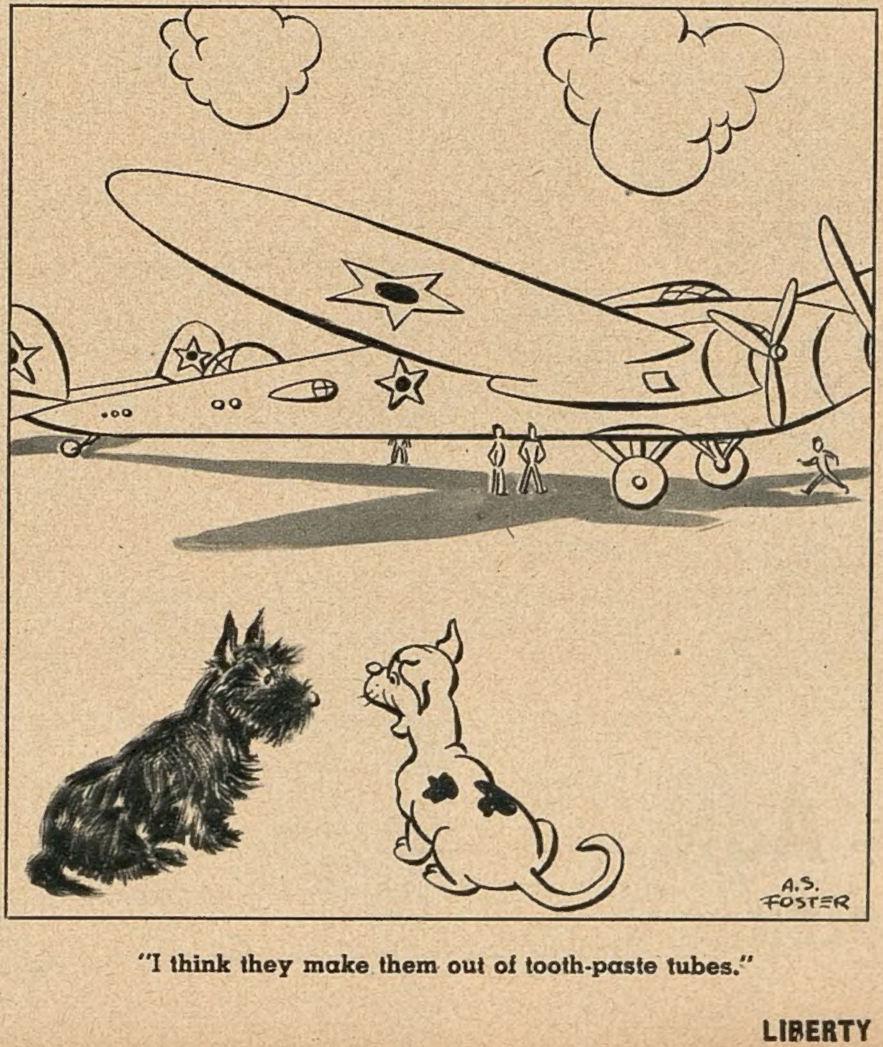
One more item, and then we'll change the subject. Last year President Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago urged in Liberty a radical change in the framework of American education—the abolishment of two "wasted years" in elementary school, high school, and college, and the granting of a college bachelor's degree two years earlier than before. . . . That dream becomes a reality at the University of Chicago this month.

WE BROKE A PRECEDENT last week and called special attention to an advertisement. We hereby break the same precedent again. We urge you now to turn back to page 8 of this issue. It contains a message to America on the most important thing in the world, and to the world, today.

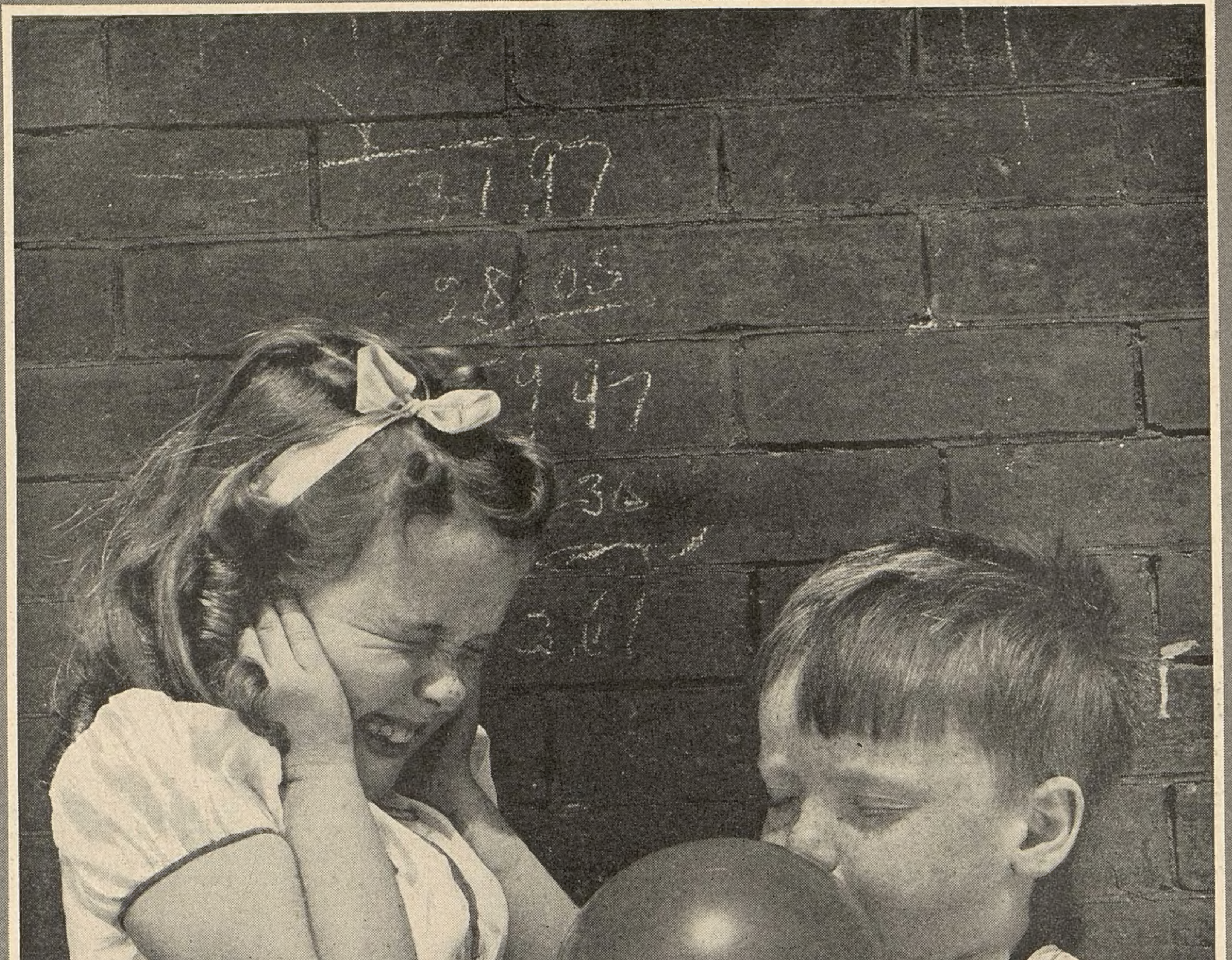
LEONARD LEE'S EXCITING SHORT NOVEL, Channel Port, which wound up in last week's issue, will soon be a movie, if all goes well. "If all goes well" is said advisedly. Paramount, which owns the picture rights, plans to make the film where the action of the story itself began—in London.

The Editors

FALA



"I think they make them out of tooth-paste tubes."



Agfa Ansco
PLENACHROME FILM
MADE IN U.S.A.

Notice how the Photographer has caught those expressions. And look at the freckles! *You* can get swell snapshots like this on Agfa Ansco Plenachrome Film, guaranteed "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!" This remarkable guarantee is made possible by Plenachrome's extra margin of quality, *plus* its ability to minimize many exposure errors.

For your outdoor photography, ask for Plenachrome. Even under unfavorable conditions, it takes surprisingly good pictures. *Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y. 100 Years of Service to American Photography.*

YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

when you're
flying Uncle Sam's
bombers across
the ocean

GERMANS OR JAPS, storms or ice . . . you've got to be ready for anything when you're flying the big bombers across the ocean to the battle-front. You bet you want steady nerves. These two veterans above are Camel smokers. (Names censored by Bomber Ferry Command.) The captain *(nearest camera)*, a Tennessean, says: "I smoke a lot in this job. I stick to Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke. And Camels taste great!"

STEADY SMOKERS STICK TO

CAMELS

There's LESS NICOTINE in the smoke

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains 28% less nicotine than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

WITH THESE MEN WHO FLY BOMBERS, it's Camels all the time. The co-pilot of this crew (name censored), *(second from left, above)* says: "I found Camels a milder, better smoke for me in every way. And that grand flavor never wears out its welcome." Yes, in times like these when there's added tension and strain for everyone, steady smokers stick to Camels—the cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

—AND THE FAVORITE AT HOME!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

IN MY NEW DEFENSE JOB, LESS NICOTINE IN THE SMOKE IS IMPORTANT TO ME. I STICK TO CAMELS
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY